



THE  
**CHEERUB:**

FOR

**SABBATH SCHOOLS.**

SCA  
1822

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32,374 THE CHERUB:

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND SABBATH EVENINGS.

BY J. C. JOHNSON,



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## P R E F A C E .

THE author of this collection of songs for Sabbath Schools and Sabbath Evenings, has endeavored to compose and write such music and words as will be pleasing and useful to Sabbath scholars of all ages, and also to all who love to sing at home on the evening of the holy day. The songs, often child-like, are not childish, are generally bright and cheerful in character, and are fitted with a simple harmony, for the convenience of those who sing alto and base. They couple a sacred thought and a melody with almost every incident of the Sabbath day, and furnish a good variety of music for Concerts and Exhibitions. Mourners, (and "who hath not lost a friend?") will find a few pieces intended for sympathy and consolation.

May my "Cherub's" cheerful voice allure many youthful feet to go "Marching Home" to "New Jerusalem," as the "Children in Heaven" have done, and "singing by the way." May they aspire to be "In Robes of Light and Righteousness arrayed." May many be induced to join the "Army of the Lord," looking forward to the glorious "Warrior's Welcome." May those who have parted from friends at the "Palace Gate," or the dark portal of the "Court of Peace," walk homeward with a little less of sorrow. May we all meet in the "Beautiful" streets of the "Golden City!"

It is proper to add, that, with the exception of a few well known hymns and tunes, the songs have all been composed or arranged by the author of this book, and are therefore copyright.

J. C. J.

Abide with us, Jesus.....	28	God our refuge.....	107	Palace gate.....	92
All that hath breath.....	38	Going to church.....	42	Palms of glory.....	52
Amazing grace.....	46	Golden Bow is broken.....	123	Parting song, Christmas tree.....	80
A pleasant home.....	57	Golden City.....	89	Pilgrim's marching song.....	24
Army of the Lord, The.....	64	Golden rule.....	81	Pleuel.....	41
A soul redeemed.....	106	Gone through the shadowy.....	127	Praise in Spring.....	27
A voice in the wilderness.....	50	Grace.....	103	Preghiera.....	73
Awake and sing.....	103	Greenville.....	55	Redeeming Love.....	68
Beautiful, beautiful.....	14	Happy he who loves the Lord.....	26	Requiem.....	122
Be good and be happy.....	101	Happy Zion.....	5	Sabbath, The.....	114
Bethel.....	22	How pleasant.....	16	Sabbath landscape.....	100
Bible.....	61	I love, I love.....	58	Seasons.....	33
Blessed Lord, we pray thee.....	91	I shall be in Heaven.....	39	Sexton.....	40
Bow of promise.....	109	In Eden's land.....	20	Sing hosanna.....	36
Busy bee.....	82	In robes of light.....	8	Six days.....	112
Cherub, The.....	17	Judea's vales were verdant.....	124	Soul, Tho' sinful.....	7
Children of Jerusalem.....	34	Keep me, Lord, this day.....	99	Sound the loud timbrel.....	84
Children in Heaven.....	74	Lamb, The.....	65	Sowing and reaping.....	86
Child at Heaven's gate.....	94	Linda.....	66	Star and rock.....	11
Christian's hope.....	98	Little graves.....	51	Star of Bethlehem.....	63
Christmas Hymn.....	48 75	Little seeds.....	87	Suffer little children.....	32
Clock, The.....	94	Lord's prayer.....	116	Summer clouds.....	18
Come, let us join.....	105	Lord dismiss us.....	97	Sunrise.....	6
Come to New Jerusalem.....	21	Loving kindness, Song of.....	43	Sunset glories.....	56
Come to the Land.....	77	Majesty.....	118	Thanksgiving.....	25
Coronation.....	35	Morning hymn.....	83	This beautiful Christmas.....	49
Court of Peace.....	121	Morning prayer.....	99	Three strangers.....	70
Creation.....	112	Morning stars.....	62	Vacant places.....	125
Cross Bearer.....	93	Morn of Zion's glory.....	37	Victory.....	45
Daniel in the lions' den.....	78	National hymn.....	12	Warning.....	31
Dying blind boy.....	59	Needham.....	53	Warrior's welcome.....	30
Elysium.....	117	New year's hymn.....	126	What shall I give.....	60
Enduring praise.....	95	New Jerusalem.....	120	When thy father.....	96
Evening hymn.....	9 113	Night is gone.....	15	Where is Adam.....	119
Evening prayer.....	76	Now I lay me down.....	71	While shepherds.....	44
Fable, A.....	88	Oakland.....	53	Who knows.....	47
Feast of Tabernacles.....	54	O come to the fountain.....	10	Year of Jubilee.....	29
Freed Spirit, The.....	90	Old Hundred.....	111	Young missionaries.....	72
Glad tidings.....	110	On Jordan's banks.....	30	Young soldier.....	23
God knows all things.....	69	Our Sabbath home.....	128	Zion's hill.....	102



# THE CHERUB.

## HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Zi - on stands, with hills surrounded, Zi-on, kept by pow'r di - vine ; All her foes shall be confounded,  
2. Eve-ry human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove ; Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright ; But can never cease to love thee,

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics.

Though the world in arms combine. Happy Zi - on ! Happy Zi - on ! What a favored lot is thine !  
Heaven and earth at last remove, But no changes, But no changes, Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.  
Thou art precious in his sight. God is with thee,—God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last-ing light.

The second system of music also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. It continues the harmonic setting of the lyrics, ending with a double bar line.

## SUNRISE.

"When the sun rises, I pray." "Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!"

*Allegro Moderato.*

1. A - rise, a - rise, no more de - lay! It is the bless-ed Sabbath day, A -  
 2. A - rise, ye peo - ple of the Lord! Pro-claim his boundless love a - broad, For  
 3. A - rise, thou Sun of Righteous - ness! Thy glo-ries let the world con - fess, Her -

rise to sing, and praise and pray, For see the sun as-cend! A - far he sends his peaceful light, And  
 night is passed, the day re-stored, Let notes of praise as-cend! And come, ye happy youthful throng, The  
 aid the reign of heavenly grace, Let peace and love pre -vail. A - far send forth thy powerful light, Put

warbling birds, in rap - id flight, Sing sweetest lays, with voice of praise, With our morning prayer to blend.  
 morning fair in - vites your song, Sweet silvery tones with joy prolong, To praise th'almighty Friend.  
 shades of sin and death to flight, Be - gin the day that knows no night, No more thy light shall fail!

# SOUL, THOUGH SINFUL BE THY SLUMBER.

7

Andante.

The small notes may be omitted in singing.

1. Soul, though sinful be thy slumber, Tho' thy faults be without number, Trust the grace of Christ our  
 2. O, of - ten hath he called thee, And by his strength upheld thee, He pit - ied thee and  
 3. O lin - ger not, nor doubt him, What canst thou do with - out him? The Way, — there is no

Saviour, He thy ran - som will free - ly pay; Cease thy sad, re - pentant moaning, For his  
 loved thee, And for thy ransom died; Trust, trust his love up - hold - ing, Heaven's  
 oth - er, Who else would die for thee? Hark! an - gel - harps are tun - ing, Ere their

precious blood a - ton - ing Tho' thy sins be red as crimson, This will wash the stain - a - way.  
 glo - ries bright un - fold - ing, Shall bless thy new - found vis - ion, Re - deemed and sancti - fied.  
 song of praise re - sum - ing, To hail thee, ran - somed spir - it, O great thy peace shall be.

# "IN ROBES OF LIGHT."

"And when I dress, I pray; Clothe me, O Lord, with thy righteousness."

1. In robes of light and righteousness arrayed, The saints rise glo - rious from their earthly bed, No  
 2. Those shining robes, which all the conquerors wear! The victor's palm, which all the ransomed bear! Though  
 3. O wash me, Lord, from ev' - ry taint of sin, And help me, Lord, a golden crown to win, As -

more to die, as - cend - ing through the sky, While an - gels guide them to their homes on high.  
 here we mourn, and walk in mean at - tire, These wait for all who join the heavenly choir.  
 - sist this day, my Saviour to confess, And clothe me with thy glorious righteous - ness.

## CHORUS.

No more to die! No more to sin! O grant us, Lord, a crown of Life to win; Ar -

- ray us in that glo - rious dress, And clothe us with thy righ - teous - ness !

EVENING HYMN.

HOHMAN.

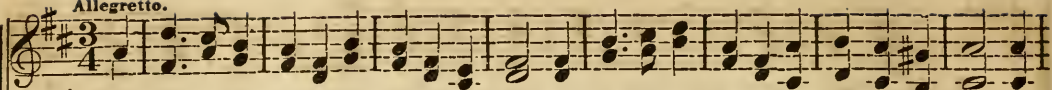
Moderato.

1. { O how can night's sweet slum - ber its rest im - part, } / Too oft my soul doth  
 { If thou my heavenly Fa - ther, for - got - ten art ? }  
 2. { O hide my faults un - numbered, in mer - cy, Lord ! } Give me a heart un -  
 { Thou art, of love and pa - tience, the God a - dored. }

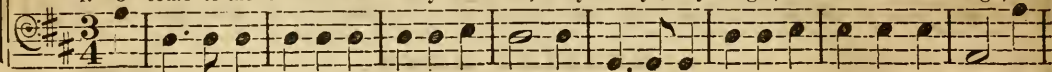
wan - der a - way from thee ; But thou a - lone canst make me rest peace - ful - ly.  
 - sul - lied, and free from stain, That glad - ly I may serve thee in joy and pain.

## "O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN."

Allegretto.



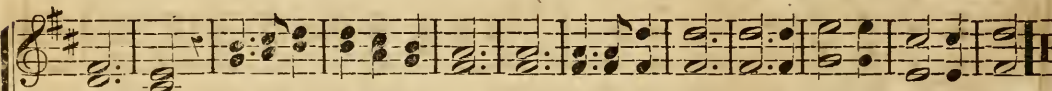
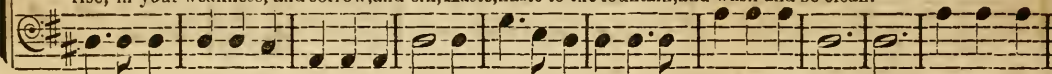
1. O come to the fountain! from Calvary's height, It floweth un - ceasing, by day and by night, Come
2. O come to the fountain! the saints cloth'd in white, Bear witness on high to its life giv-ing might, O
3. Come free-ly, ye souls in the regions of night, Come wash you, and clothe you, Arise to the light, Then
4. O come to the fountain! tho' ready to die, Why faint ye, why linger, when life is so nigh, A -



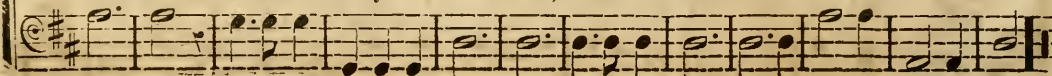
Cho. A little faster.



wash thee, and cleanse thee, O sinner, therein. O haste to the fountain, and wash and be clean. Come, come to the  
 come, thus the ransomed un-ceasing-ly call, Come freely, come freely, there's room for you all.  
 go forth re - joicing, for happy are they, Who cleanse in this fountain their vileness away.  
 - rise, in your weakness, and sorrow, and sin, Haste, haste to the fountain, and wash and be clean.



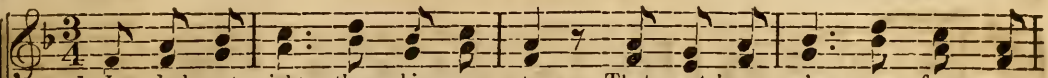
foun - tain! Ye that are weary with sin. Wash, wash in the fountain! There's life and health therein.



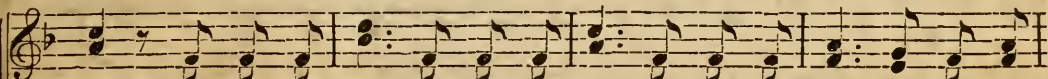
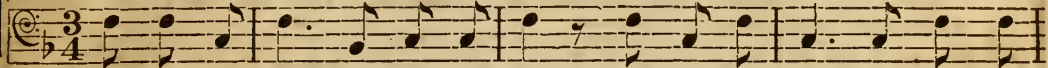
# THE STAR AND THE ROCK.

From the German.

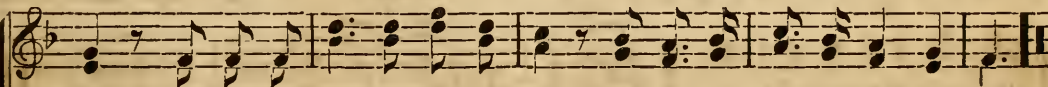
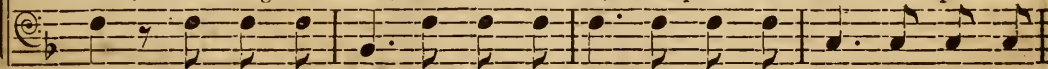
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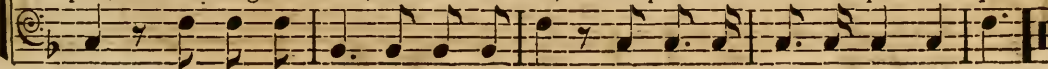
1. In dark - est night there shines a star, That watch - es o'er us from a -  
 2. Mid o - cean's waste, there stands a rock, And bears the waves' em - bat - tled  
 3. Who is the rock? Who is the star? His name re - sounds through heaven a -  
 4. 'Tis Je - sus Christ, our King a - lone, He is our star, our cor - ner

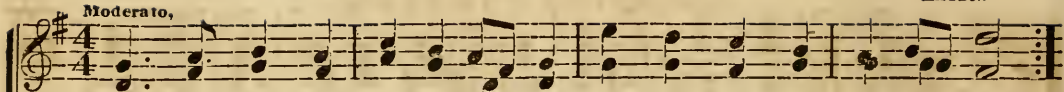


far, The warring world may not mo - lest, We still in peace and safe - ty  
 shock, Though fu - rious floods up - on it break, No force its might - y strength may  
 far, To all the world his love is shown, And he shall rule the world a -  
 stone, Then sing His truth, His love ex - tol, His praise shall sound from pole to



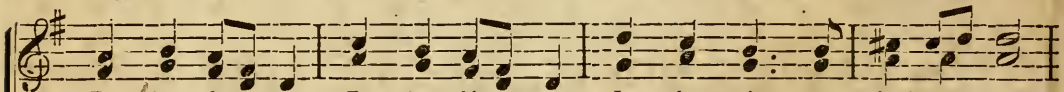
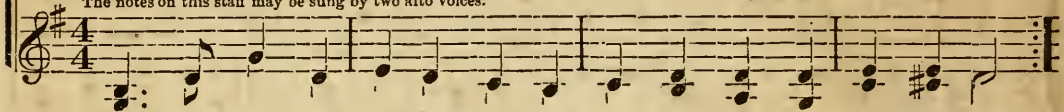
rest, The warring world may not mo - lest, We still in peace and safe - ty rest.  
 shake, Though furious floods up - on it break, No force its might - y strength can shake.  
 lone, In all the world his love is shown, And he shall rule the world a - lone.  
 pole, Then sing His truth, His love ex - tol, His praise re - sound from pole to pole.



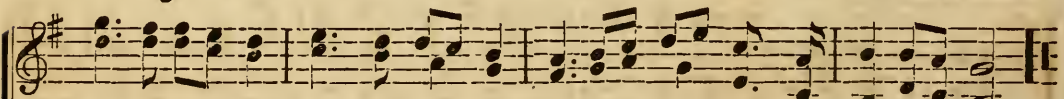
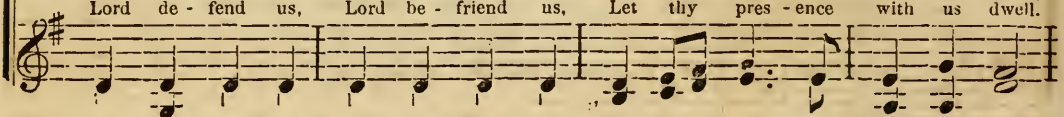
*Moderato,*

1. Yes my na - tive land, I love thee, All I have I owe to thee. }  
 All I have of freedom's bless - ings, Grate - ful then I bow the knee, }  
 2. Here no ty - rant may de - stroy us, Here the peo - ple just - ly reign, }  
 Here no power - ful foes an - noy us, Peace - ful har - vests deck the plain, }

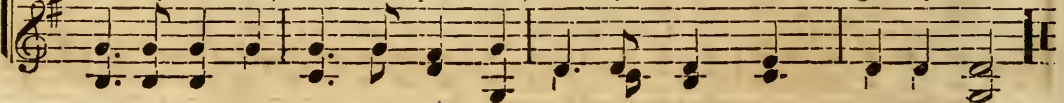
The notes on this staff may be sung by two alto voices.



Fa - ther, hear us, Fa - ther, bless us, In thy cho - sen land we dwell,  
 Lord de - fend us, Lord be - friend us, Let thy pres - ence with us dwell.



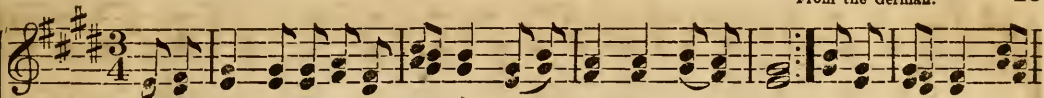
Here up - hold us, Here de - fend us, So shall we of thy mer - cies tell.  
 For thy kind - ness, Will we praise thee, Of thy mer - cies glad - ly tell.



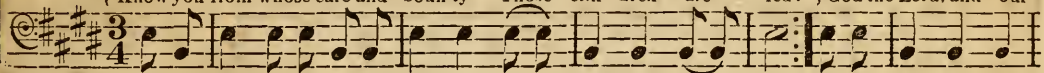


# COUNTING THE STARS.

From the German.



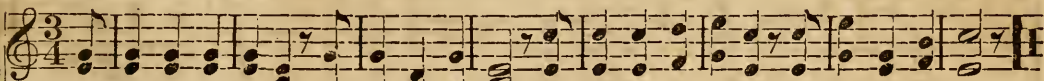
- |    |   |   |                                    |                             |
|----|---|---|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. | { | Know you how many stars are shin-ing,   | In the fair, bright skies of even? | } God the Lord, their Cre - |
|    | { | Know you how many clouds are float-ing, | In the deep blue vault of heav'n?  |                             |
| 2. | { | Know you how many notes are play-ing    | In the bright, warm sunny ray?     | } God the Lord, their Cre - |
|    | { | Know you how many fish are stray-ing    | Thro' the o - cean to - day?       |                             |
| 3. | { | Know you how many children dai - ly     | A - rise from their bed?           | } God the Lord, and our     |
|    | { | Know you from whose care and boun-ty    | Those chil - dren are fed?         |                             |



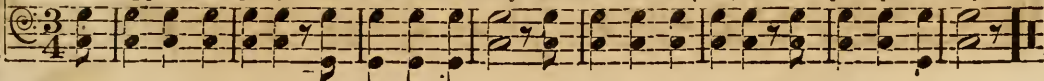
a - tor, Were their number far great-er, Could num-ber them all, Could num - ber them all.  
 Fa - ther, Will the lambs safe - ly gath - er, Knows you, and loves you too, Knows you, and loves you too.



# THE POOR EVER WITH US.



1. The poor ev - er with thee, For - get not the poor; Re - lieve the poor wand'rer, That comes to thy door.
2. Oh, Christian, re-mem-ber, "Thy Sav-iour and King, Was poor and was low-ly; His praises we sing.
3. We sing praise and glo-ry; But bless-ed are they Who care for his poor, who His pre-cepts o - bey.



## BEAUTIFUL.

1. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful all things are, In beau - ti - ful Zion en - throned a - far, In  
 2. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful streets of gold, The beau - ti - fied saints will there be - hold, And  
 3. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful children there, And beau - ti - ful harps they joy - ful bear, As  
 4. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dazzling sea! Those beau - ti - ful forms were once as we, We

vis - ion we view each beau - ti - ful gate, Where beau - ti - ful seraphs un - ceas - ing wait,  
 beau - ti - ful flowers be - side the fair stream, Whose beau - ti - ful wa - ters like chrysal gleam.  
 beau - ti - ful songs they cease - less sing, Draw beau - ti - ful tones from each gold - en string.  
 beau - ti - ful like the saints may rise, 'Mid beau - ti - ful stars in the evening skies.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on reigns, And beau - ti - ful are the bright heaven - ly plains, And

beau - ti - ful an - gels throng the fair skies, To wel - come us home to Par - a - dise.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with hyphens under the words to indicate syllable placement.

THE NIGHT IS GONE.

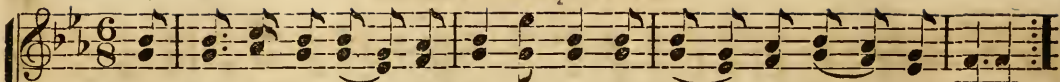
From the German.

1. The night is gone, the day is here, And still I live and move, Our  
 2. Lord, ev' - ry bless - ing comes from thee, Thou who canst all things do, How  
 3. O Lord, whose watch - ful, liv - ing care, Each day pro - tect - eth me, Give  
 4. If I in wis - dom's ways are found, And strive to do my best, Love

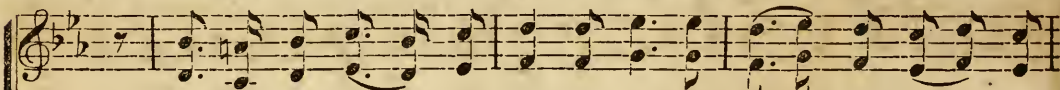
The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with hyphens under the words to indicate syllable placement.

God, who gov - erns all the year, - How con - stant is his love.  
 much of good dost thou to me, From day to day re - new!  
 me a read - y heart and mind, To do what pleas - eth thee.  
 doth en - cir - cle me a - round, And peace is in my breast.

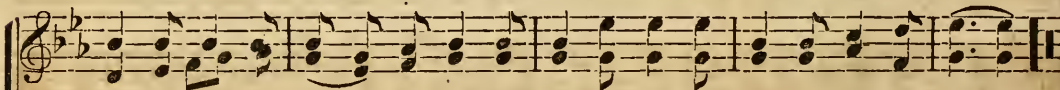
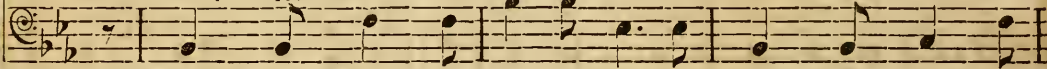
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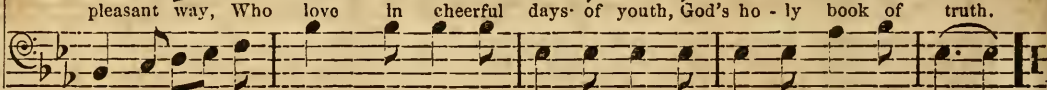
1. How pleasant to see in Sabbath school, That all are read - y there.  
 All quiet - ly wait for the sig - nal bell, And list to the open - ing prayer.  
 2. How pleasant to think that some we see In school this Sab - bath day,  
 Glad tid - ings may bear in fu - ture years, To heath - en, far a - way.  
 3. How pleasant to know the Sa - viour loves This hap - py, youth - ful throng,  
 And wish - es them all to dwell a - bove, And join the an - gel's song.



Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py they, Who walk in Wis - dom's  
 Hap - py, &c.



pleasant way, Who love in cheerful days of youth, God's ho - ly book of truth.



4 How pleasant to think of those who are gone  
 From us to the shining shore,  
 Who beckon us on in the beautiful way,  
 Which they have trod before.

5 How pleasant to learn the words of truth,  
 To grow in grace and love,  
 Preparing our souls for the toils of life,  
 And for the rest above.

1. Up in the sky my cherub flies, E'er singing to the praise of God, Or on a ro-sy  
 2. Around him an-gel children float, While singing praise, a-bove us float, And view the new and  
 3. For here, the cherub cries, was I, And yon-der was my father's house, Where I was born, and

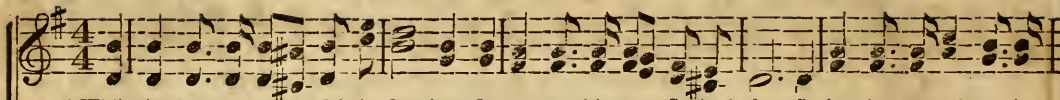
CHO. Up in the sky, &c.

Fine.

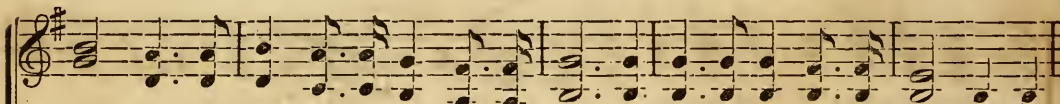
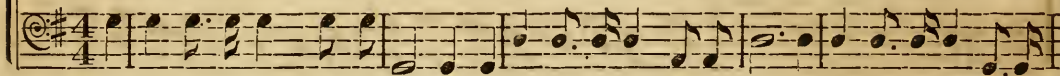
cloud he lies, A - mid the evening's glo-ry. Quite new-ly from the heavenly plains, A-  
 wondrous earth, From out the evening glo-ry: "For here, they sing" our Saviour King, In  
 whence I rose To dwell in heavenly glo-ry: "O pleasant world!" the children sing, "A-

D.C.

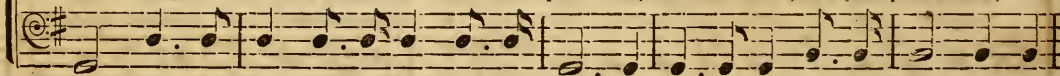
;bove the green fields floating, He sings God's praise in sweet-est strains, A-mid the sunset glo-ry.  
 this fair world was dwelling, He lived and died, his praise we sing A - mid the sunset glo-ry!"  
 while to live with pleasure, O hap-py chil-dren, here who live, And die and rise to glo-ry!"



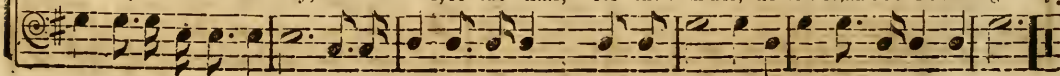
1. While clouds are so peace - ful - ly float - ing In a - zure, this warm Sabbath day, So love - ly, so qui - et - ly  
2. Oh strive to be pure, like the an - gels, And live with an in - no - cent heart; To thee then shall glo - ri - ous

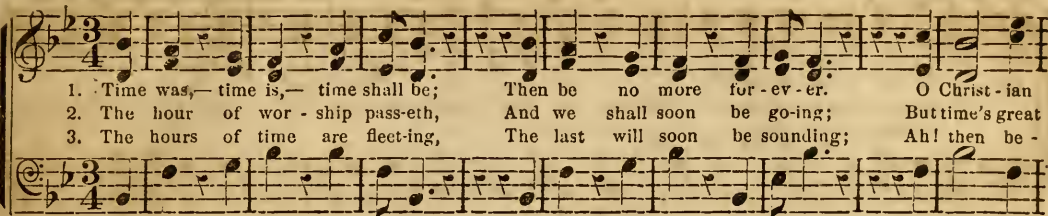


pass - ing, A - far o'er the land - scape a - way. I think, how pure are the heav - ens, How  
na - ture, New beau - ties each sea - son im - part. O, fair the world, and we praise him, The



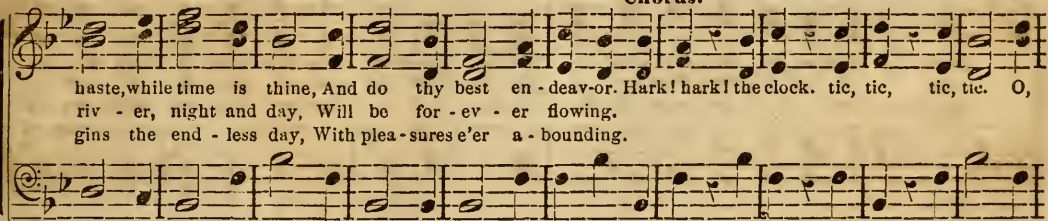
beau - teous all nature would be, Could we look, with the eyes of the an - gels, On mountain, and wood and sea.  
Ma - ker, and Ru - ler each day, For the clouds, for the hills, for the summer, The flow'rs, and the sun's bright ray.



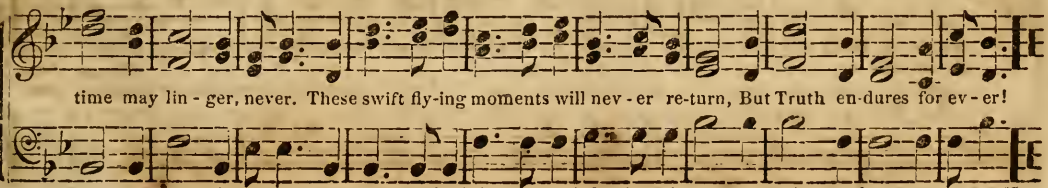


1. Time was,— time is,— time shall be; Then be no more for-ev-er. O Christ-ian  
 2. The hour of wor-ship pass-eth, And we shall soon be go-ing; But time's great  
 3. The hours of time are fleet-ing, The last will soon be sounding; Ah! then be-

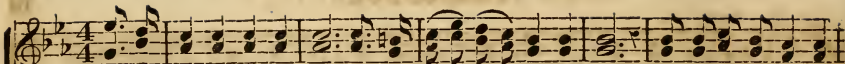
## Chorus.



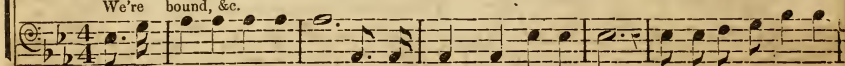
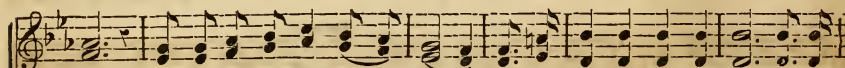
haste, while time is thine, And do thy best en-deav-or. Hark! hark! the clock. tic, tic, tic, tic. O,  
 riv-er, night and day, Will be for-ev-er flowing.  
 gins the end-less day, With plea-sures e'er a-bounding.



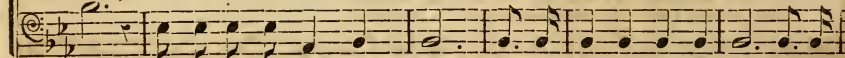
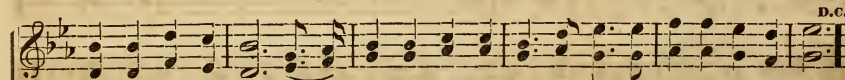
time may lin-ger, never. These swift fly-ing moments will nev-er re-tur-n, But Truth en-dures for ev-er!




1. Could we dwell in Eden's land, Could we dwell in Eden's land, View the groves of living  
 CHORUS. We're bound to Eden's land, To the gar - den of the Lord, To the fields of Par-a -  
 2. Ne'er a - gain fair Eden's land, As in old - en times may be, Des - o - late the bloomi -  
 We're bound, &c.

green, Wander by Eu - phra - tes' stream, Could we claim that love - ly land, With its  
 dise, To fair E - den's bliss re - stored, Where the glorious com - pa - ny Of the  
 bowers, Gone of Life the won - drous tree, Yet a high - er bliss re - mains, For the

wealth of fruit and flow'rs; We would not break the Lord's command, Nor lose those lovely bow'rs.  
 saints and martyrs throng; Where they're praising God for ev - er - more, With loud me - lo - dious song.  
 faithful, and the true; For all those who keep the Lord's commands, Shall Eden's bliss re - new.



D.C.



# COME TO NEW JERUSALEM.

Lively.

1. Come to New Je - ru - sa - lem, Hope-ful one! trust-ing one! Come to New Je -  
 2. Strike your tents! the day is here, Val - iant ones! faith-ful ones! March re - joic - ing  
 3. Pitch your tents, the day is past, Wea-ry ones! trust-ing ones! Near - er to Je -  
 4. Rise a - gain! in east - ern skies, Wea-ry ones! pa-tient ones! See the wished for

Chorus.

ru - sa - lem, Sol - diers of the Lord. Yes, we all are march - ing home,  
 on the way, Sol - diers of the Lord. Yes, we, &c.  
 ru - sa - lem, Sol - diers eve - ry day; Day by day we're near - er home.  
 tow'rs a - rise, Sol - diers of the Lord! Hail the day! we're near - ly home!


Marching home, marching home, Yes, we all are marching home; Singing by the way.  
 Near - er home, near - er home, Marching through Im - manuel's land, Singing by the way.  
 Zi - on's tow'rs fair a - rise! In the glow - ing morning skies, Salem's tow'rs a - rise!

1. See, where sleeps a wea - ry traveler, Pil - lowed on the rock his head: Ah what  
 2. Ah, be - hold the bless - ed an - gels, Swift on gold - en steps de - scend: Far a -  
 3. Thee the God of Abr'am call - eth, Thee thy fa - ther's God will bless: For this

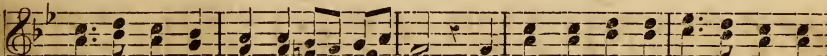
glo - ry shines a - round him! Heavenly vis - ions fair sur - round him; Bless the pil - grim's low - ly bed  
 bove the realms of glo - ry, Is - rael, shine in brightness o'er thee; Round thee cherub guards at - tend.  
 land where thou art sleep - ing, This the an - gels have in keep - ing; Thou the king - dom shalt pos - sess.

## Chorus. Andante.

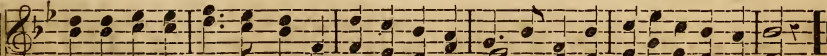
*mp*  
 This is the house of God, And this the gate of Heaven, This is the house of God, And this the gate of Heaven.



1. I go to Sabbath school, sir, And I would have you know, I will not stoop to  
 2. These are the days, they tell me, When we who now are young, Must all pre - pare to  
 3. And we who go to Sabbath school, Must all o - bey the Lord, And pray, and la - bor



tell a lie, Or do what's mean and low; A Christian sol - dier will I be, And  
 join the war, A - gainst the rule of wrong; And from the Christian ar - mo - ry, I'll  
 all we can, To send the Light a - broad; And o - ver seas and mountains dark, We'll



in the glorious com - pa - ny, Of all who bat - tle for the right, I'll march, and camp, and fight.  
 draw what will my weapons be, And day, by day im prove in skill, To do my Father's will.  
 bear the torch, we'll speed the bark, And everywhere will strive with sin, 'Till Christ the earth shall win.

## PILGRIM'S MARCHING SONG.

Lively.

**Solo or Duett.**

1. Oh come, ye youth - ful pil - grims, Pur - sue the heav'n-ly way,.... March
2. Temp - ta - tion may de - lay you, And e - vil foes as - sail,.... But
3. Oh joy - ful will the day be, When we ap - proach the stream,.. When
4. We're march - ing home to Zi - on, No foe may us with - stand;... They

**Chorus.**

on, march on to glo - ry, From earth and sin a - way.... Oh, yes, we all are  
 trust - ing in the Sa - viour, We shall at length pre - vail....  
 bright be - yond the riv - er, A heav'n-ly light shall beam....  
 con - quer who with ar - dor Press to the pro - mis'd land....

pil - grims. We're march - ing on to Canaan's shore, We're march - ing home to Zi - on, Whose

glo - ry ne'er shall pass a - way, But bright-en through e - ter - nal days, For - ev - er, ev - er - more.

THANKSGIVING.

Vivace. 1st time, boys. 2d time, girls. 1st t. boys. 2d t. girls. Girls.

1. Give thanks to the Lord!	For He is gra - cious, His won - drous mer - cy shall for -
2. O praise ye the Lord!	My soul, O praise Him For all his kind - ness, praise his
3. All pow - er is His,	His works are glo - rious, And ev - 'ry morn - ing should his
4. For great is the Lord,	And great his mer - cy, And all the earth his name shall

Chorus.

ev - - er last.	His won - drous mer - cy shall for - ev - - er last.
ho - - ly name,	For all his kind - ness praise his ho - - ly name.
praise re - - new,	And ev - 'ry morn - ing should his praise re - new.
ev - - er praise,	And all the earth his name shall ev - - er praise.

1. Hap - py he who loves the Lord, And who loves His ho - ly word.  
 2. Hap - py we, who in this day, Walk in Wis - dom's plea - sant way;  
 3. Hap - py they, O hap - py they, Who in blest Mil - len - nial day,  
 4. Hap - py all who love the Lord; Great their ran - som and re - ward;

With the saints on high, he'll raise Songs of nev - er end - ing praise.  
 We shall walk with saints a - bove, Sing - ing songs of praise and love.  
 In the world re - new'd shall be, Then from sin and e - vil free.  
 They with all the Ser - a - phim, Soon shall sing the an - gel's hymn.

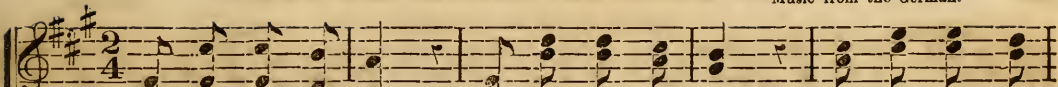
**Chorus.**

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - men! A - men!

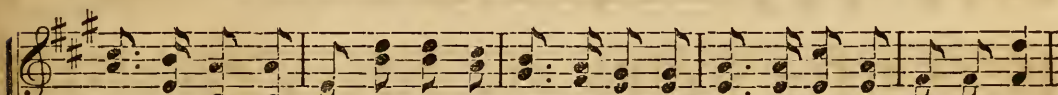
# PRAISE IN SPRING.

Music from the German.

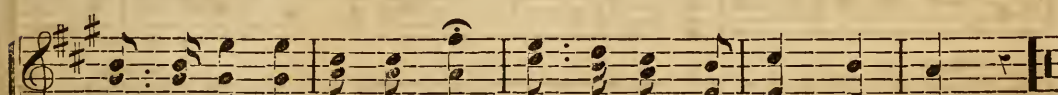
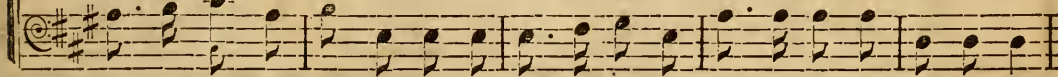
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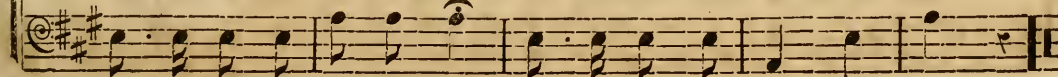
1. Gone are ice and snow, And the swell - ing bough, All its buds for  
 2. Praise we then the Lord, For the world re - stor'd; In the fall we  
 3. Praise we then the Lord, For a world re - stor'd; For the birds so



May pre - par - ing, In the spring-time plea - sure shar - ing; And the meadows all are green,  
 thought them dy - ing, In their win - try graves were ly - ing, All our fa - v'rite, love - ly flow'rs,  
 cheer - ful sing - ing; For the flow'rs a - round us spring - ing; Like them, we, in glad sur - prise,



Wake the flow'rs in sun - ny glen, Wake the flow'rs in sun - ny glen.  
 Van - ish'd all in win - try hours, Van - ish'd all in win - try hours.  
 In the Morn of Life may rise, In the Morn of Life may rise.

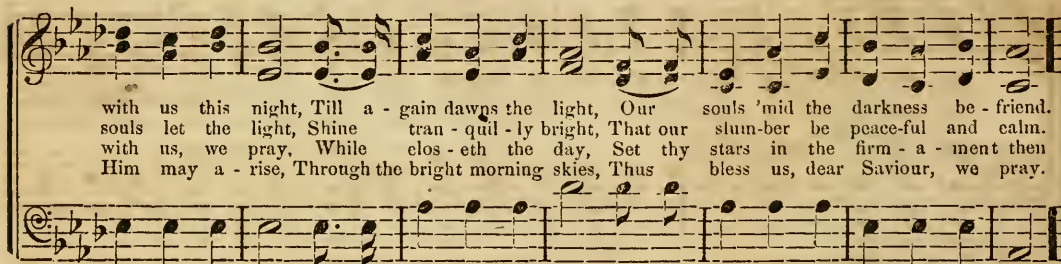


"Ach, bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ!"

Andante.



1. A - bide with us, Je - sus, we pray, It is near to the close of the day, Dwell  
 2. The day is far spent, in the skies, Send us stars when dark shadows a - rise, On our  
 3. Who knoweth how near - ly the sun Of our life has its day - jour - ney run? Dwell  
 4. Who trusts in the Saviour may sleep Ev - er safe - ly, while he doth watch keep, With



with us this night, Till a - gain dawns the light, Our souls 'mid the darkness be - friend.  
 souls let the light, Shine tran - quil - ly bright, That our stum - ber be peace - ful and calm.  
 with us, we pray, While clos - eth the day, Set thy stars in the firm - a - ment then  
 Him may a - rise, Through the bright morning skies, Thus bless us, dear Saviour, we pray.

Chorus. \*

1st time. 2d time.

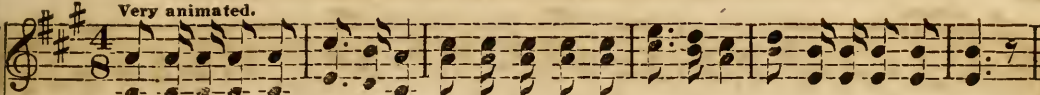


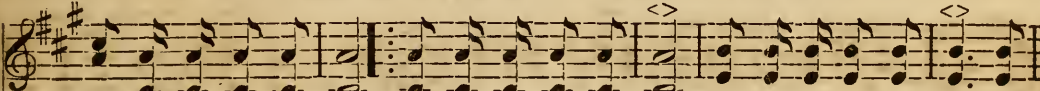
Dwell with us, our Saviour we pray, It is near to the close of the day. day.

\* This chorus like many others, may be sung or not, at will, or may be used as an Interlude.




Very animated.

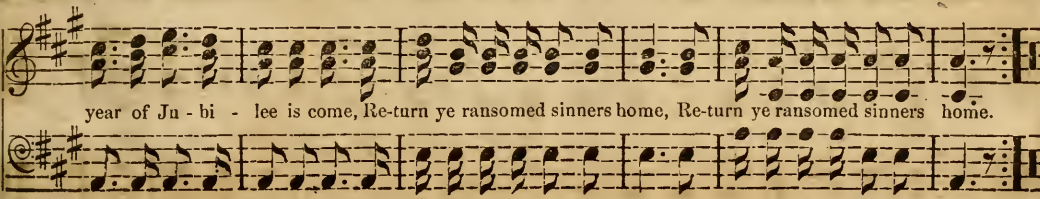
- 
1. This is the year of Ju - bi - lee, This is the year of Ju - bi - lee, Sing with Hosannas clear,
  2. This is the year of Ju - bi - lee, Now let the captives all be free, Break ye the i - ron chain!
  3. This is the year of Ju - bi - lee! Poor slaves of sin, for lib - er - ty, Sing ye with glad ae - claim,
  4. This is the year of Ju - bi - lee; Praise ye the Lord for lib - er - ty, Praise ye his glorious name,




Hail to the glorious year! *ff* Blow ye the trumpet, blow! Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The  
 All must be free a - gain!  
 Praise ye Je - ho - vah's name!  
 Praise ye his glorious name!



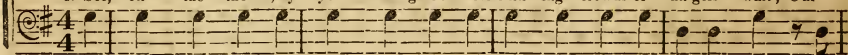
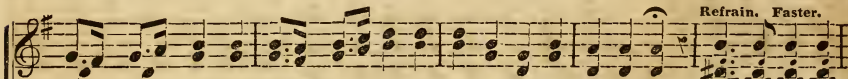
year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn ye ransomed sinners home, Re - turn ye ransomed sinners home.



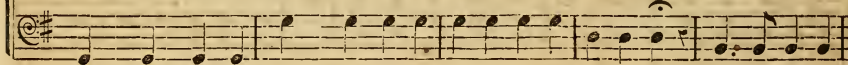

Allegro.



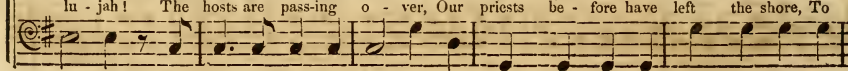
1. On Jor - dan's banks we joy - ful stand, And view the glorious promised land; Long  
 2. Now on the far - ther shore are seen Pe - ren - nial fields of liv - ing green; And,  
 3. So near - ly home the war - riors are, Who ma - ny toils were called to bear; Like  
 4. See, on the mount, by you - der gate! There shin - ing crowds of an - gels wait; Our

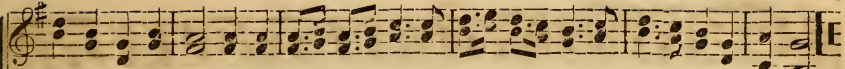



since from E - gypt have we strayed, And in the wil - der - ness delayed: — Glo - ry, hal - le -  
 ris - ing through the clouds, on high, The jas - per walls we plain des - cry.  
 o - cean's roar their songs a - rise, While full in view of Par - a - dise!  
 fore - most ranks have gained the shore, Praise God! our pilgrimage is o'er!

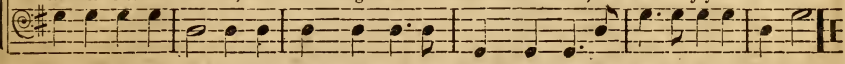



lu - jah! The hosts are pass - ing o - ver, Our priests be - fore have left the shore, To



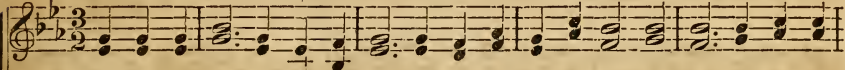
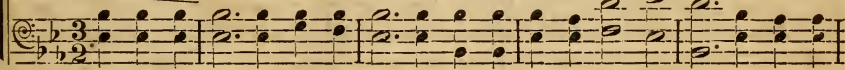


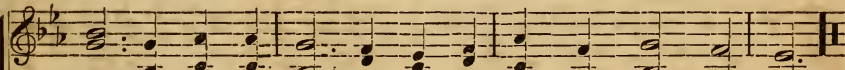
lead us o'er the riv - er, We're march - ing home to Ca - naan's shore, To dwell in joy for - ev - er!




## WARNING. L. M.

J. C. J.

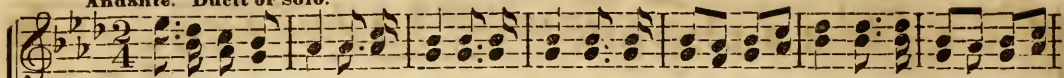
- 
1. Christ is the WAY,—but not for thee, Who wilt not his dis - ci - ple be. Thy path is
  2. Christ is the TRUTH, his promise sure, Will through all a - ges firm en - dure, But what to
  3. Christ is the LIFE,—and all the blest, With him will share the promised rest. But thou, who
  4. O slight not, soul, the of - fered grace, His mercies, sure, are num - ber - less ; Be Christ thy
- 



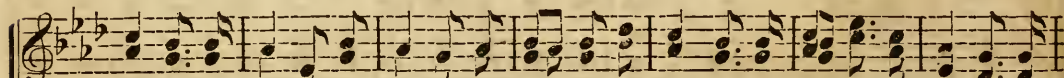
broad, and seem - ing fair, But leads to shades of dark des - pair!  
 thee his truth and grace, Who wilt not here his name con - fess?  
 wouldst his ven - geance brook, With - in the veil, say, dar'st thou look?  
 Life, and He the Way, And reign with him in end - less day.



Andante. Duet or Solo.

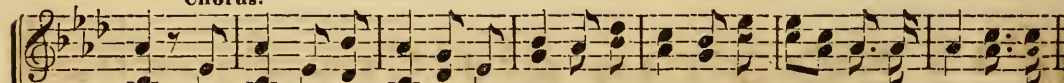


1. "Suff-er lit - tle children to come un-to me, And for - bid them not, And for - bid them  
2. "Suffer lit - tle children, &c.  
3. "Suffer lit - tle children, &c.

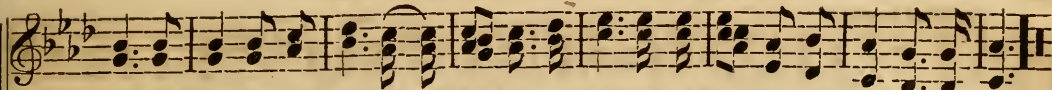


not, For of such is the kingdom, Of such is the kingdom, Of such is the kingdom of

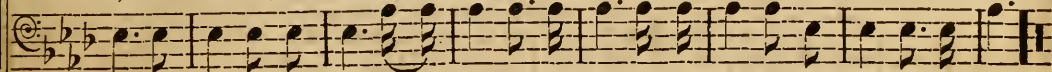
Chorus.



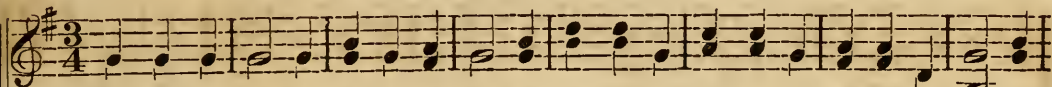
Heaven." We come, dearest Saviour. It is our endeav - or, To love you, each day, more and  
We'll come to the Saviour, He cares for us ev - er, The lambs that he died to re -  
Dear pa - rents and teachers, O lead to the Saviour, The lambs of his pasture are



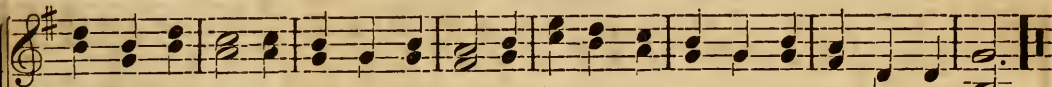
more; If we love and o - bey, if ta - ken a - way, We shall pass to the bright, golden shore.  
 deem; He cares for us here, he'll wel - come us there, When we cross o - ver death's narrow stream.  
 we; For - bid not, nor stay, nor our footsteps de - lay, 'Till our Saviour in glo - ry we see.



## SEASONS. 10s &amp; 11s.



1. When should we cheerful mel - o - dies sing, In praise of our Fa - ther, our Ma - ker, our King? In  
 2. When the pure snow lies white on the ground, Oh, then cheerful praises, so pleasant - ly sound, And  
 3. Al - ways God's cheerful praise is in time, Each sea - son, and mid every nation and clime, He



Summer, or Spring, in Win - ter, or Fall, Should we sing his prais - es who rules o - ver all?  
 sweet - ly in Spring, mid sweet blooming flowers, And sweetly in Summer, or Autumn's green bowers.  
 al - ways is near, he hears our glad praise, Sing sweetly then brothers, rich har - mo - ny raise.



## CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

Solo or Duett.

1. Come forth to the Ol - ive monnt, Children of Je - ru - sa - lem! Bring palms, bring palms, and  
 2. Strew palms in his path - way, Children of Je - ru - sa - lem! Of old, of old, our  
 3. O pass on be - fore him, Children of Je - ru - sa - lem! Our Priest, our King, all

shout with joyful cry, For lo! your King cometh, the Son of David cometh, And blessed be he that  
 fathers heard his name, Though humble and low-ly, he cometh to the kingdom, Yet blessed be he that  
 time shall hear his fame. Our Friend, our De - feed-er; behold, the Conqueror cometh, And blessed be he that

Chorus,

cometh in Je - ho - vah's name! Children of Je - ru - sa - lem! Ho - sannas loud proclaim!  
 cometh in Je - ho - vah's name!  
 cometh in Je - ho - vah's name!

Blessed be he that cometh in Je - hovah's name! Blessed be he that cometh in Je - hovah's name!

## CORONATION.

HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And  
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, That form'd this floating ball. Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And  
 3. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call. Hail Him, who saves you by his grace, And  
 4. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this ter - restrial ball. To Him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And

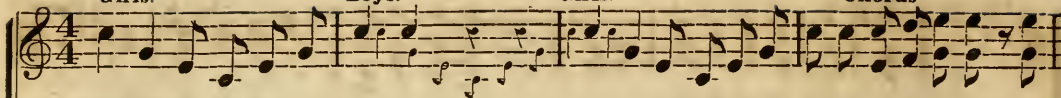
crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!  
 crown him Lord of all. Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him Lord of all!  
 crown him Lord of all. Hail Him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all!  
 crown him Lord of all. To Him all ma-jes - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all!

Girls.

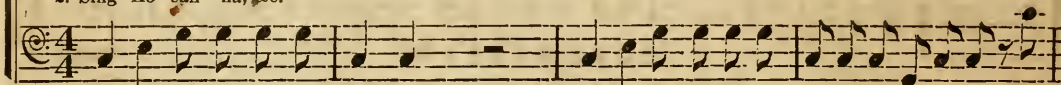
Boys.

Girls.

Chorus



1. Sing Ho-san-na in the highest! Sing Ho-san-na in the highest! in the highest! Ho -  
 2. Sing Ho-san-na, &c. Sing Ho-sanna in the highest!



san - na in the high - est! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

## Duett, or Trio.

1. { Come ye that love the Lord, And join in sweet accord; Be - hold up - on the mountains our broad banner!  
 { The promised day is near, Our Lord will soon appear, With faith and hope we raise our loud Ho - - -

2. { Come children of the Lord, And ye that love His word; And joyful hail the gospel's glorious banner!  
 { The promised day is near, In words of lof - ty cheer, We sing and raise with joy, the loud Ho - - -



1st time. Chorus.

2d time.

sanna!  
sanna!

Ho - sanna, Hosanna, Ho - sauna, Hosanna, Ho-san - na in the highest, in the highest! highest!

## MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

1. The morn of Zions's glo - ry, Will in the east a - rise, And lighten all this gloomy vale That  
 2. But we who wait the morning, Al - ready catch the beams, Which alway from the gates of Heaven In  
 3. But woe to those, who, bound in chains Of er - ror and of sin, In slothful dreams, in pleasures vile, Ne'er  
 4. The morn of Zion's glo - ry Will o'er the mounts a - rise,

now in darkness lies. All nations shall the splendor see, And never more the night shall be.  
 fadeless beauty stream. Our hearts are light with heavenly love, And hope for brighter joys above.  
 strive a crown to win. They from the morning hope no joy, No ho - ly deeds their hours employ.

## ALL THAT HAVE BREATH TO PRAISE.

Chorus.

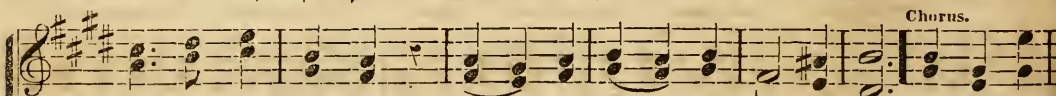
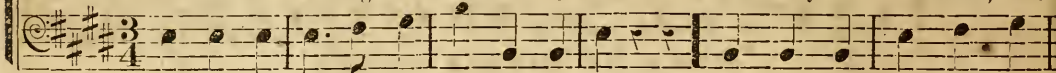
Duett.

Words from a German Hymn.



1. All that have breath to praise, praise ye the Lord!  
 2. Oh taste and see how good is the Lord!  
 3. All that have hearts to love, love ye the Lord!  
 4. Our souls are thirsting for that love-ly land!

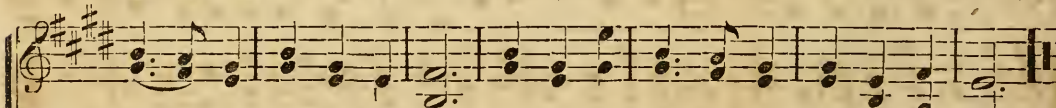
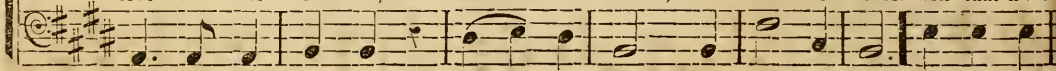
While ho - ly joy, and de -  
 Mer - cy, com - pas - sion, and  
 Cher - u - bim, Ser - a - phim,  
 There may we serve him, and



Chorus.

vo - tion most sa - cred,  
 truth, and love boundless,  
 souls of the righteous,—  
 love him for ev - er,

Dwell with - in our in - most souls. All that have  
 Dwell with us for - ev - er more. Taste ye and  
 Ah, what bliss in heaven to love! All that have  
 Praise him here, while life is ours. All that have



breath to praise, praise ye the Lord!  
 prove how good is the Lord!  
 hearts to love, love ye the Lord!  
 breath to praise, praise ye the Lord!

All that have breath to praise, praise ye the Lord!  
 Taste ye and prove ye, how good is the Lord!  
 All that have hearts to love, love ye the Lord!  
 All that have breath to praise, praise ye the Lord!



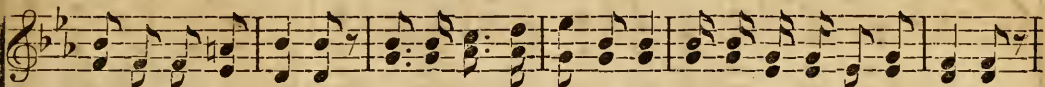
# I SHALL BE IN HEAVEN IN THE MORNING.

39

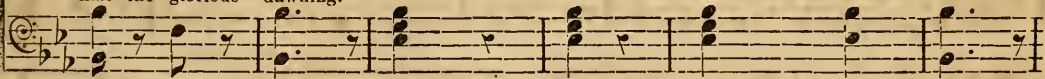
'Passing through the mine, we came upon an old man, blind, and a slave, whose only business was to open and shut a certain door, as the cars passed by. Alone there, in the darkness, he was cheerfully singing, "I shall be in heaven in the morning."



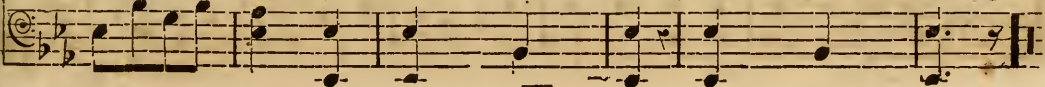
1. In the damp and gloomy cave, Hear him blithely singing! Old, and poor, and blind;—a slave, His
2. Though in darkness, hope-less-ly, All through life he dwelleth, From the fount of Christian thought, Glad
3. And we all must live awhile, Blind to heavenly glory; Dwell we in the wil-der-ness, And
4. Happy they who through the night, Watch th'approach of morning; Happy they who, faithful, true, Will



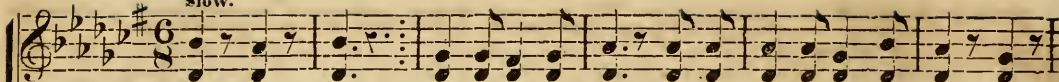
thoughts are heavenward winging. Travelling through the wil-der-ness, Waiting for the gold-en dawn-ing,  
 mu-sic ev-er swelleth.  
 ev-er poor and low-ly.  
 hail the glorious dawn-ing.



Then the glory I shall see, For I shall be in heaven in the morning, I shall be in heaven in the morning!

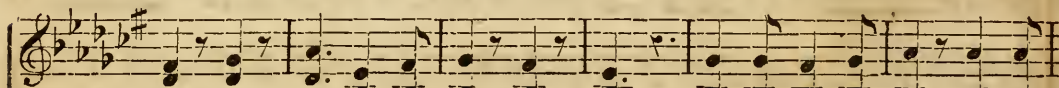


Slow.



Use either signature you please.

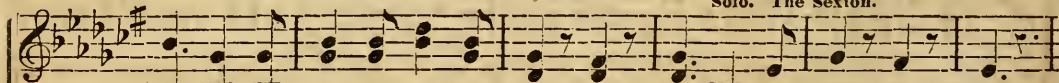
CHORUS. 1. Toll the bell! Sexton, toll the bell! Let its summons o'er the house - tops  
 2. Toll the bell! Sexton, toll the bell! For we heed its welcome sum - mons  
 VERY SLOW. 3. Toll, toll, toll! Sexton, why so slow? Doth a brother to his long, last



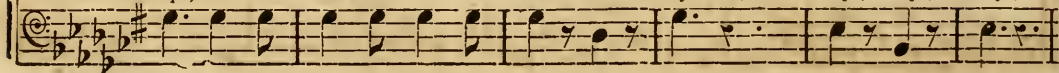
state - ly swell, Ere 'tis late, late, late, has - ten, gain the door, Ere the  
 pass - ing well. We will haste, haste, haste, through the tem - ple door, Ere the  
 slum - ber go! Ah, 'tis well, well, well, we must pass a - way, Let us

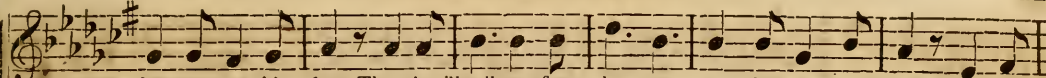


Solo. The Sexton.

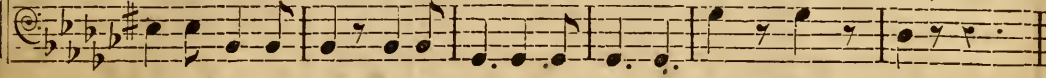
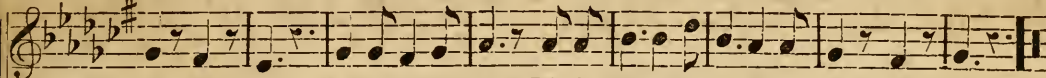


loud peal - ing or - gan tells us time is o'er. Yes, I toll, toll, toll,  
 loud peal - ing or - gan tells us time is o'er. And 'tis well, well, well,  
 hope, to a mansion in the realms of day. Yes, we'll hope, hope, hope,





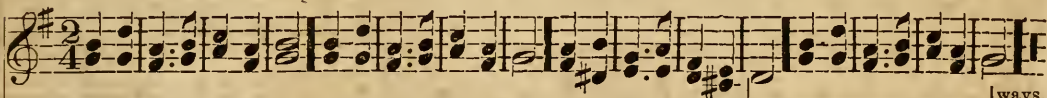
has-ten, ere 'tis late. Thus they'll call you from hea-ven, ere they shut the gate. While 'tis  
if you heed the voice, That in - vites to God's tem - ple, where his saints re - joice. O take !  
trusting in the Lord, That the souls now that leave us, all will be re - stored, All that

time, time, time, hasten, while you may, Join the song of the angels, ere life de - cay.  
heed, heed, heed, and thyself pre- pare, For thy blest home in heaven, no tem - ple's there.  
trust, trust, trust, in God's pow'r and grace, With the throng none can number, His name to bless.

## P L E Y E L .

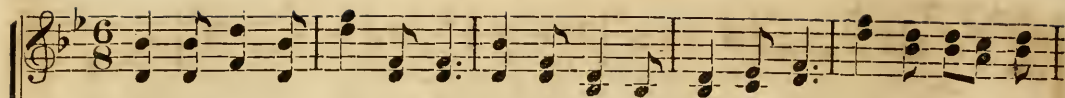
## P L E Y E L .



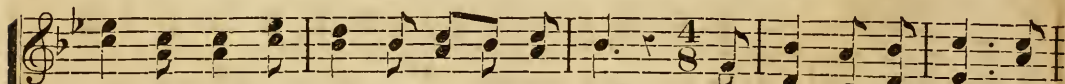
1 Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and  
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fathers trod, They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.  
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest ; You on Jesus' throne shall rest. There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom

[and reward.]

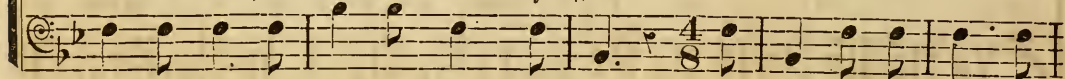




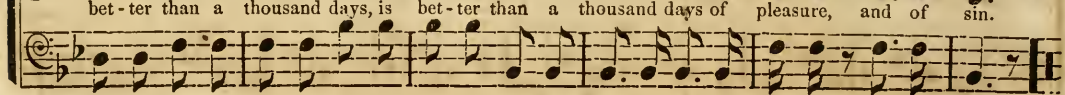
1. Who are these in fair ar - ray? Whither pass so cheer - ful - ly? To the tem - ple,  
 2. Now the voice of prayer is heard, Now is read God's ho - ly Word, Which proclaims for  
 3. Thus in mingled prayer and praise, Pass the no - ly Sabbath days. Peaceful days, in  
 4. In his courts we wait be - low, The call to higher bliss to go, Where no tem - ple



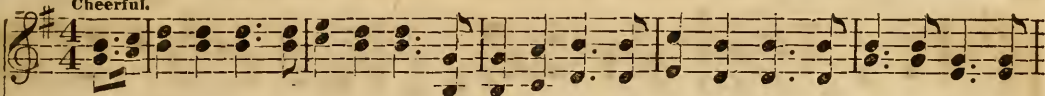
see, they throng, To join in sa - cred song. A day in thy courts, is  
 you and me, The years of Ju - bi - lee.  
 bless - ing giv'n, The best of all the seven.  
 walls sur - round, But all is ho - ly ground.



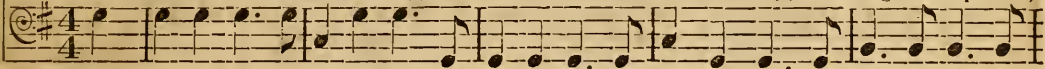
bet - ter than a thousand days, is bet - ter than a thousand days of pleasure, and of sin.



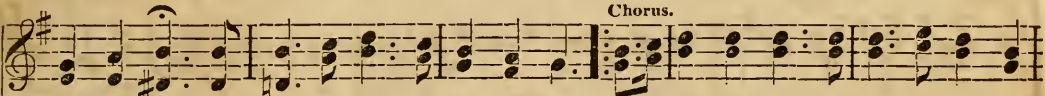
Cheerful.



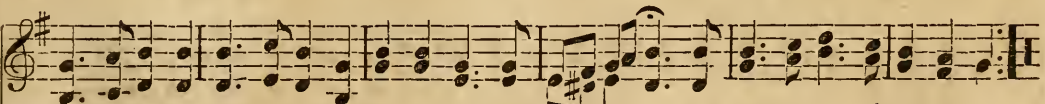
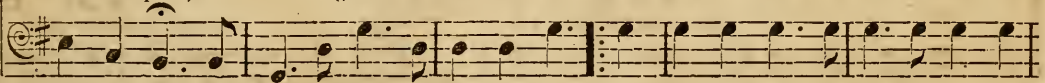
1. A - wake my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a
2. When trou - ble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gath - er'd thick, and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has
3. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs shall fail; O may my last, ex -
4. Then let me mount and soar a - way, To the bright realms of end - less day; And sing with rap - ture,



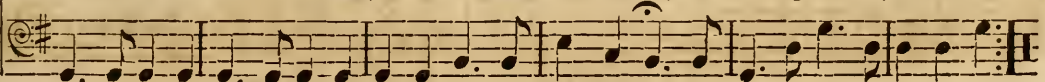
Chorus.

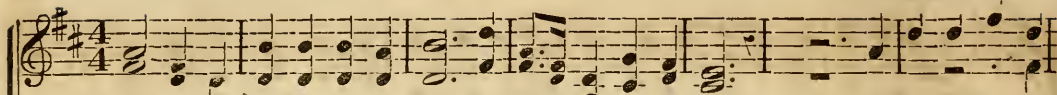


song from me. His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free! A - wake the song of lov - ing kind - ness!  
 al - ways stood. His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!  
 pir - ing breath, His lov - ing kind - ness sing in death!  
 and sur - prise, His lov - ing kind - ness in the skies!



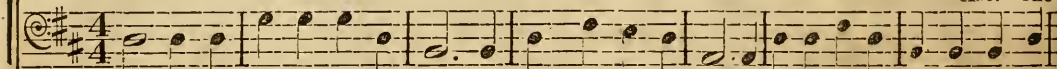
Christ has sav'd us in our blindness, He our Lord shall ev - er be; His lov - ing kindness, O how free!



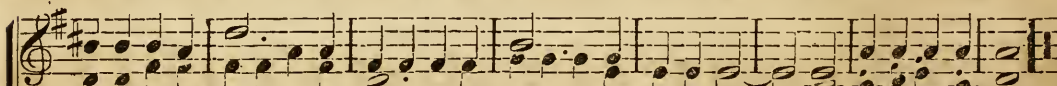


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

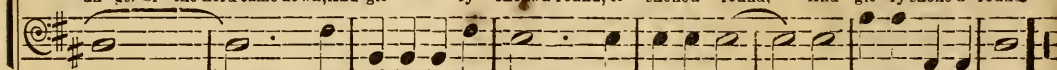
The an - gel of the  
*Alto.*—The



*Base.*—The an - gel of the Lord came down, and



Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And glo - - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone a - round, it shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.



glo - - - - ry shone around, And glo - - - ry shone a - round,.... And glo - ry shone a - round

2 "Fear not," he said, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;

*Last two lines for Treble and Base.*

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
||: To you and all mankind! :|| 3 times.

*For Alto.*

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind."  
And all mankind,  
To you and all mankind.

3 And suddenly around, above,  
Appeared a shining throng —  
Of angels, praising God, who thus

||: Addressed their joyful song. :|| 3 times for Tre-  
*ble and Base.*

*Last lines for Alto.*

Of angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song,  
Their joyful song,  
Addressed their joyful song.

4 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men  
||: "Begin, and never cease!" :|| 3 times.

*Last lines for Alto.*

Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease,  
And never cease,  
Begin, and never cease.



# VICTORY.

READ.  
Hymn by WATTS.

*f*

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - - - tion too; .....

2. Now shall my head be lift - ed high A - bove my foes a - round;....

*ff*

God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do..... What

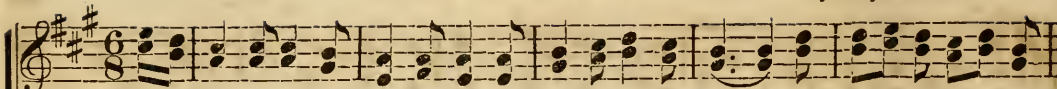
And songs of joy and vic - to - ry *Base and Alto.*—What all my foes can do.

*Base and Alto.*—With - in thy tem - ple sound.... With

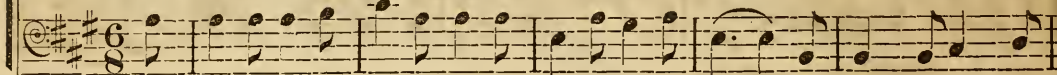
all my foes can do..... What all my foes can do.....

in thy tem - ple sound,..... With - in thy tem - ple sound.....

\* Sing these notes only in the last verse, to the word "sound."

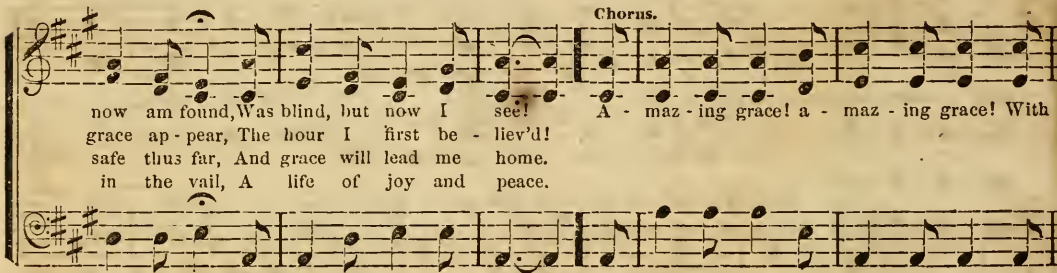


1. A - mazing grace! how sweet the sound! That sav'd a wretch like me. I once was lost, but  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - liev'd; How pre - cious did that  
 3. Through ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and cares, I have al - rea - dy come; 'Tis grace that brought me  
 4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - sess, with -

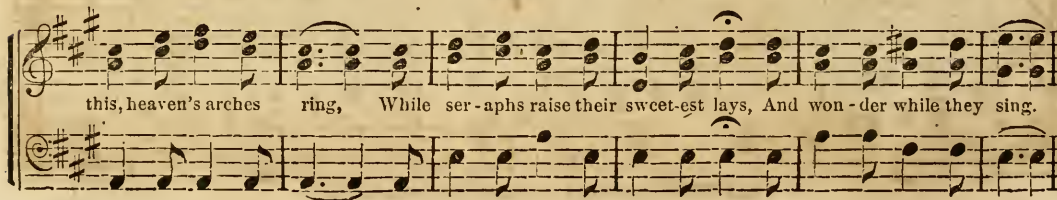


now am found, Was blind, but now I see! A - maz - ing grace! a - maz - ing grace! With  
 grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - liev'd!  
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
 in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

Chorus.



this, heaven's arches ring, While ser - aphs raise their sweet - est lays, And won - der while they sing.



A - maz - ing grace, for you and me, That tread the heav'n-ward road;... For  
 A - maz - ing grace! Who of the strain, In life or death would tire!.... We'll

Christ has loos'd our pris - on'd souls, And leads us home to God.....  
 sing our Lead - er's match - less love, A - mid the heav'n - ly choir.....

WHO KNOWS? (A STORY.)

1. Young Fred one day in Winter, When all was frost and snow, Was playing by the riv - er, And  
 2. Then o'er it smoothly sliding, He darts in mer - ry play, So smoothly onward gliding, So  
 3. They heard, and saved him: never A - gain he'll brave the stream. So let us shun temp - ta - tion, Though

bounding to and fro; The ice, not frozen fairly, He cried "perhaps 'twill bear me, Who knows!"  
 gai - ly goes the day; But ah, it breaks, he's drowning! Will no one hear and save him, Who knows!  
 fair, secure it seem; Choose not the path of danger, For wisdom's ways are saf - est, We know!

Chorus to all the verses.

1. Hark, the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King. Glo - ry, glo - ry  
 3. Pleased as man with man t'appear, See the great Im - man - uel here.  
 5. Risen with healing on his wings; Life and light to all he brings.

Fine.

to the new - born King! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the new - born King!

2. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies.  
 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness.  
 6. Hark, the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King.

# THIS BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS MORNING.

49

Lively. Solo or Duett.

Chorus.

Solo or Duett.

1. We wish you all a hap - py day, This beauti - ful Christmas morning! So brightly shines the  
 2. A mer - ry Christmas to you all, This beauti - fu! Christmas morning! "Good will to men," the  
 3. On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds watched, One beauti - ful Christmas morning! Where si - lent lay the  
 4. On Bethlehem's plains we can - not lie, This beauti - ful Christmas morning! Nor view the an - gel

Chorus.

Duett.

sun's clear ray, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! For this was the morn when the Day star rose, To  
 an - gels' call, One beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! And who should be mer - ry. and glad to - day, But  
 slumb'ring flock, That beauti - ful Christmas morning! When sudden - ly all the bright angel throng, Sang  
 host on high, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! But joy - ful - ly we our sweet off'ring bring, Of

light the way from all our woes, And heaven - ly light and joy disclose, One beautiful Christmas morning.  
 those whose guilt is washed away? With pleasure we hail thy peace - ful ray, O beautiful Christmas morning.  
 in the sky their Christmas song, Sang "Glory to God, good will to men!" That beautiful Christmas morning.  
 praise, to Hail the New - born King, In Bethlehem born, His praise we sing, This beautiful Christmas morning.

## "A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS."

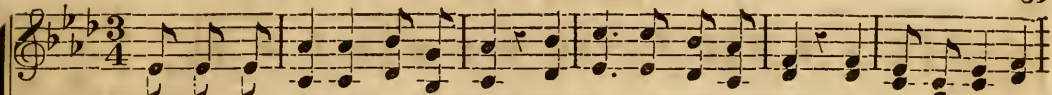
IN CHANTING STYLE.

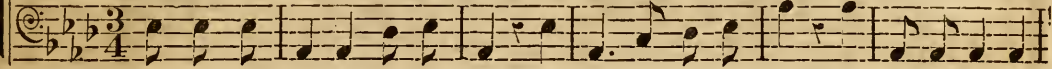
**Solo or Duett.** **Cho. F.**

1. A voice in the wil - der - ness, cry - ing a - loud, Pre - pare ye the way!  
 2. O, this is the day, long by prophets fore - told. Pre - pare ye the way!  
 3. The morning of Ju - bi - lee now draw-eth near. Pre - pare ye the way!  
 4. The King will ar - rive ere the morn-ing star fades, Pre - pare ye the way!  
 5. For Gen - tile and Jew a - like shall be blest. Pre - pare ye the way!

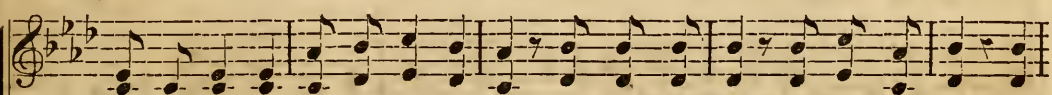
**Duett.** **Cho.**

Ex - alt ye the val - lies and lev - el the hills, We wel - come the day!  
 Come, wan - der - ers home to your Shepherd's safe fold, We wel - come the day!  
 No more the world dwelleth in sor - row and fear, We wel - come the day!  
 And pow - ers of e - vil will flee with the shades, We wel - come the day!  
 He com-eth with hope, with joy and with rest. We wel - come the day!"

- 
1. While wandering through the churchyard green, I saw two lit - tle graves, A sweet white rose be-
  2. And, prattling as he strewed the flowers, He said, here Wil - lie lies, And here my sis - ter
  3. "But do in - deed the children dear, Sleep here be - neath the ground?" "O no!" sweet Arthur
  4. "Perhaps the an - gel children brought Their wings to soar a - bove, And flew with them thro'

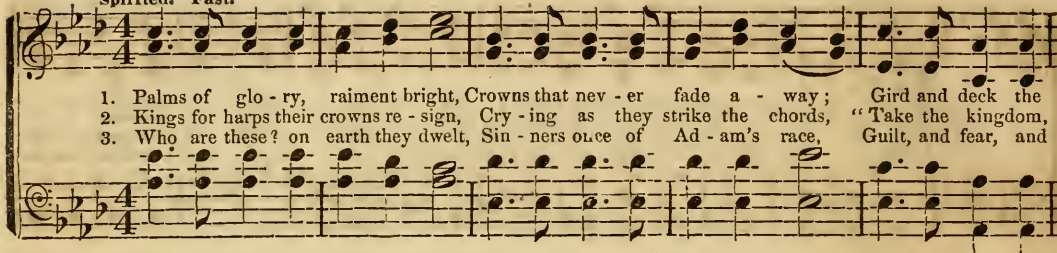


side them grew, A - bove a wil - low waves, A gen - tle child with flow - ing hair, Knelt,  
 Nel - lie sleeps, Who had such an - gel - eyes. For mo - ther called them an - gel - eyes, They  
 cried, and looked, With joy - ous gaze a - round, "We" on - ly say they sleep be - cause That  
 sun - ny clouds, With songs of joy and love, If I had wings, I too would fly, - But

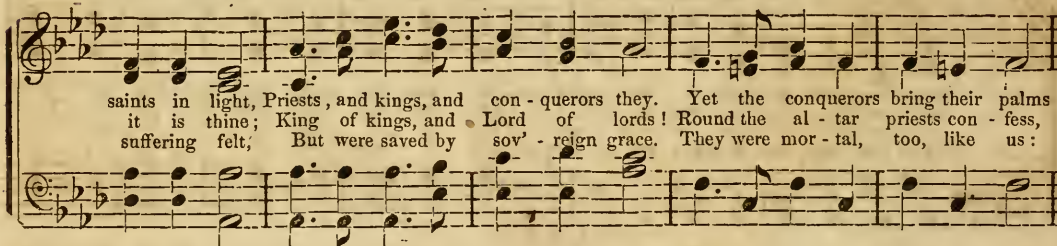


near the blooming rose, And strewed the graves with violets blue, And fragrant li - ly blows.  
 looked so pure and deep; - I think, when I am called a - way, They'll lay me here to sleep.  
 here their bod - ies lie, But in the Sun - day school I learn, They dwell a - bove the sky."  
 moth - er then would weep, So I will wait, 'till in the ground I soft - ly, sweetly sleep."

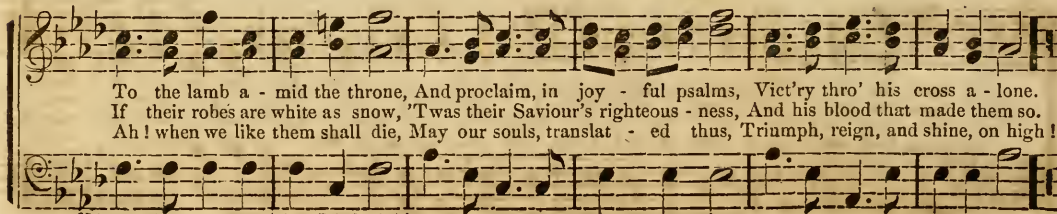
Spirited. Fast.



1. Palms of glo - ry, raiment bright, Crowns that nev - er fade a - way; Gird and deck the  
 2. Kings for harps their crowns re - sign, Cry - ing as they strike the chords, "Take the kingdom,  
 3. Who are these? on earth they dwell, Sin - ners once of Ad - am's race, Guilt, and fear, and



saints in light, Priests, and kings, and con - querors they. Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
 it is thine; King of kings, and Lord of lords! Round the al - tar priests con - fess,  
 suffering felt; But were saved by sov' - reign grace. They were mor - tal, too, like us:



To the lamb a - mid the throne, And proclaim, in joy - ful psalms, Vict'ry thro' his cross a - lone.  
 If their robes are white as snow, 'Twas their Saviour's righteous - ness, And his blood that made them so.  
 Ah! when we like them shall die, May our souls, translat - ed thus, Triumph, reign, and shine, on high!



1. Now raise ye to God a glo - ri - ous song! To Him to whose goodness all prais - es be -  
 2. He gave us our fair, our beau - ti - ful land, And fills it with treasure his boun - ti - ful  
 3. O Fa - ther, pro - tect our na - tion, and bless, And pros - per us, giv - ing un - ceas - ing suc -

long. Each heart, that with love for its country is warm, Sing praise to our Maker, who ruleth the storm.  
 hand. His mer - cy will dai - ly new blessings pre - pare, He shields us from dan - ger with tender - est care.  
 cess. In life will we praise Thee, When life - scenes are o'cr, In Life's better land, we'll for - ev - er a - dore.

## OAKLAND. 7s.

1. To thy temple, Lord, incline, While we praise thy love divine, Love that gave us all we have, Love that died, our souls to save.  
 2. Moth - ers for their children care, Friends with friends each blessing share, Ere we loved thee, Lord, thy grace, Gave us blessings numberless.

## THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

NOTE. Three parts are printed here, to render the harmony sufficiently full. Either of the lower two may be sung as Alto, or the two as Alto and Tenor. The Base may make choice of the parts on the lower staff.

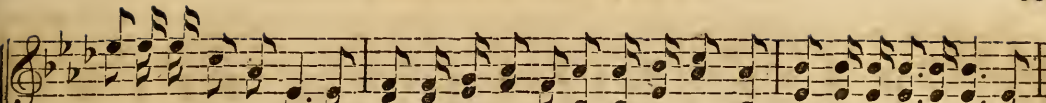
Maestoso.

1. Sound, sil - ver trumpets, but not for the war ! For priests, in fair or - der, are  
 2. Now, tribes of Is - rael, let glad songs as - cend ! O praise we Je - ho - vah, our  
 3. Now from the tem - ple sweet o - dors as - cend. O long may our Lead - er his

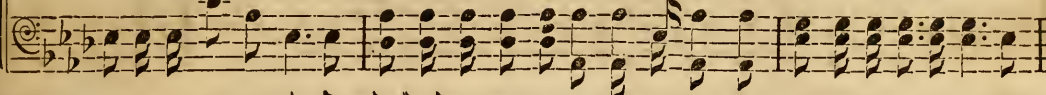
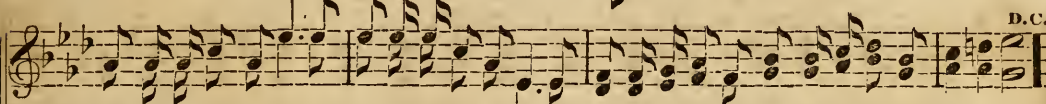
chant - ing the law, On house - tops be - hold, how green ar - bors a - rise, While  
 Lead - er and Friend. He safe through the des - ert, his chos - en hath led, And  
 chos - en be - friend ! In thun - ders from Ho - reb, he gave us the law. He

glow o - ver Zi - on the bright morning skies. O sound, sil - ver trumpets, sound ! A -  
 dai - ly with man - na our millions hath fed. O sound, sil - ver trumpets, sound ! From  
 blessed us in peace, and he saved us in war. O sound, sil - ver trumpets, sound ! In

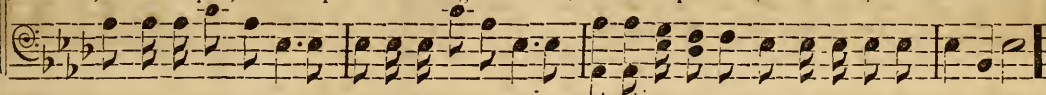
Fine.



far let the echoes fly, From hill-side and plain bring olive and palm, And shout ye with joyful cry, O  
far to the feast they come, The shepherds that dwell in Bethlehem's vale, And those who the mountain roam, O  
Zi-on his temple stands. His pow-er is feared, his glo-ry known in all of the heathen lands, O

hail to the feast of boughs ! As wand'ers again we stand, Escaped from the seas, and far on the way To Canaan's land.  
gather sweet Sharon's rose, And lilies in garlands twine, Let Syrian flowers with green Alpine boughs In grace combine.  
sound, silver trumpets, sound ! O praise him with glad acclaim, In Zion his praise melodious raise, And bless his name.



## GREENVILLE.

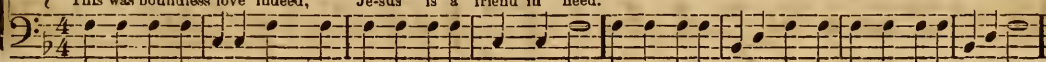
ROSSEAU.

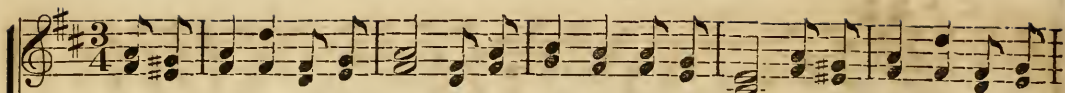
Fine.

D. C.



1. { One there is a-bove all others, Well deserves the name of friend, His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.  
They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.
2. { Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood, But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in him to God.  
This was boundless love indeed, Je-sus is a friend in need.

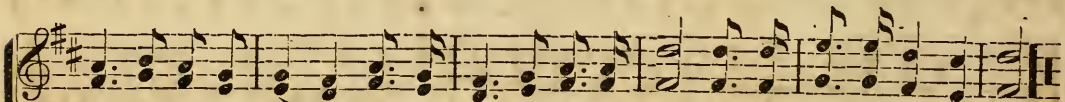




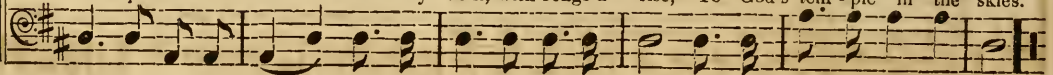
1. Now the daylight fades a - way, Clouds surround the parting ray, Brightest hues and softest  
 2. Peaceful sinks the sun to rest, Gilding wave and mountain crest, Fair-er far than in the  
 4. Glo-ry of the ho-ly West, Music in God's temple blest, Ves-per hymns greet evening

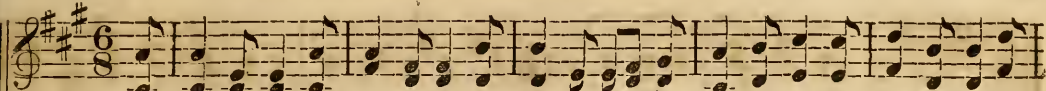


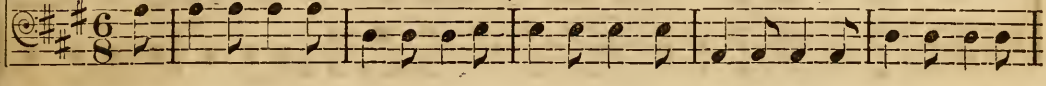
shades, Deck the sky when day - light fades. Thus be my last clos - ing day! Thus my  
 day, Gorgeous sun, thy dy - ing ray, Thus shine Chris - tian souls that rise, To their  
 shades, Pray'rs a - rise when day - light fades. Thus my soul, with songs a - rise, To the



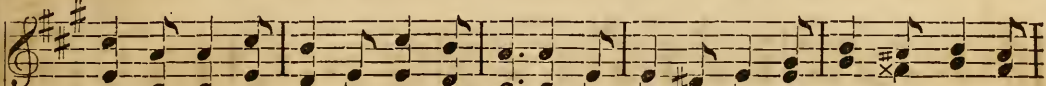
life may fade a - way! Thus be my last closing day! Thus my life may fade a - way!  
 home in Par-a - dise! Thus shine Christian souls that rise, To the gates of Par - a - dise!  
 Tem - ple in the skies. Thus my soul, with songs a - rise, To God's tem - ple in the skies.



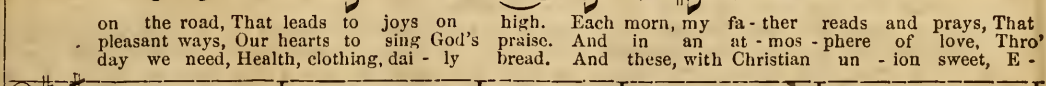
- 
1. A pleasant home is mine, I'm sure, We are a cheerful com - pa - ny, And all, we trust are
  2. My gen - tle mother's winning smile, Is cv - er read - y to beguile Our feet to walk in
  3. Our Christian home is blest of Heaven, To us in rich pro - fusion given, All things that day by



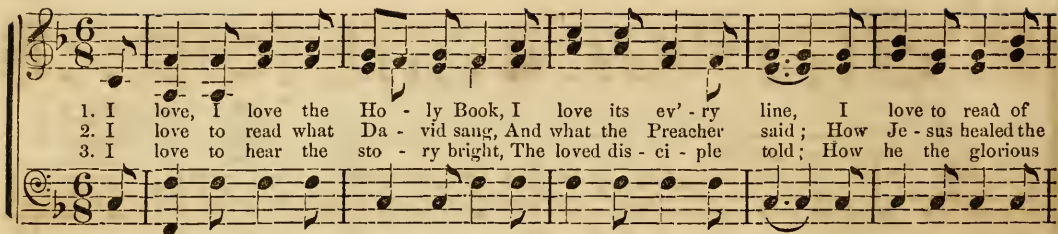
on the road, That leads to joys on high. Each morn, my fa - ther reads and prays, That  
pleasant ways, Our hearts to sing God's praise. And in an at - mos - phere of love, Thro'  
day we need, Health, clothing, dai - ly bread. And these, with Christian un - ion sweet, E -



God's kind presence, all our days, May keep us, in temp - tation's hour, From ev' - ry sin - ful power.  
all the day we breathe and move, And seldom, an - gry, sin - ful word, With - in our home is heard.  
nough to make our bliss complete, Are gifts to show a Father's love, From brighter realms a - bove.



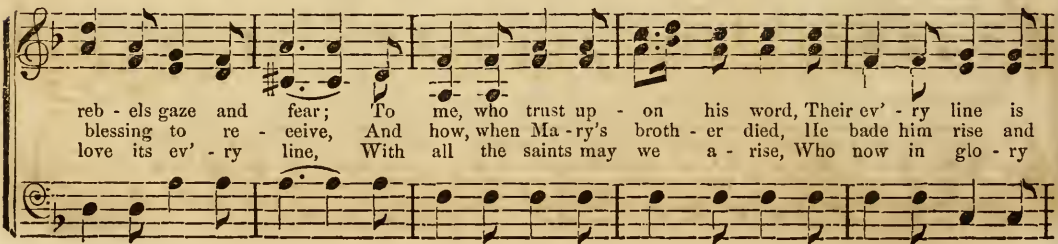
## I LOVE, I LOVE THE HOLY BOOK.



1. I love, I love the Ho - ly Book, I love its ev' - ry line, I love to read of  
 2. I love to read what Da - vid sang, And what the Preacher said; How Je - sus healed the  
 3. I love to hear the sto - ry bright, The loved dis - ci - ple told; How he the glorious



ho - ly men, Who now in glo - ry shine; I love the statutes of the Lord, Let  
 blind, the lame; How he the thousands fed; I love to hear how chil - dren come, His  
 ci - ty saw, With streets of shin - ing gold. I love the ho - ly Book of God, I



reb - els gaze and fear; To me, who trust up - on his word, Their ev' - ry line is  
 blessing to re - ceive, And how, when Ma - ry's broth - er died, He bade him rise and  
 love its ev' - ry line, With all the saints may we a - rise, Who now in glo - ry

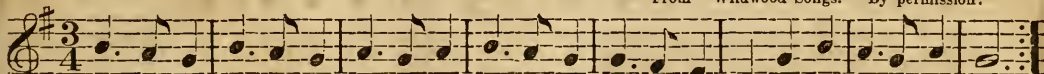


dear, To me, who trust up - on his word, Their ev' - ry line is dear.  
 live, And how, when Ma - ry's broth - er died, He bade him rise and live.  
 shine, With all the saints may we a - rise, Who now in glo - ry shine.



### THE DYING BLIND BOY.

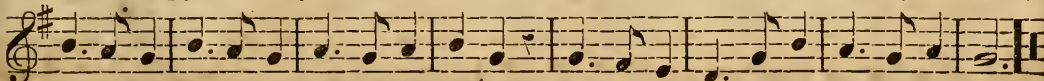
From "Wildwood Songs." By permission.



1. { Peace - ful - ly, tran - quil - ly, now he is slumber - ing, Soft - ly re - pos - ing, he dreams of the skies. }  
 { Dwell - er in darkness, se - rene and un - mur - muring, Soon thro' the firm - a - ment shalt thou a - rise! }  
 2. { Soon shalt thou waken, with seraphs sur - rounding thee, Guiding thee on to the mansions of rest. }  
 { There, with the choir of bright an - gels un - ceas - ing - ly, Singing the hymns of the ransomed and blest. }




Seest thou in vis - ion, child, Stars gleam around thee? Wavest thou wings which swift bear thee on high;  
 There, the long years of thy blindness for - get - ting, Safe shalt thou dwell, and the glo - ry shalt see;




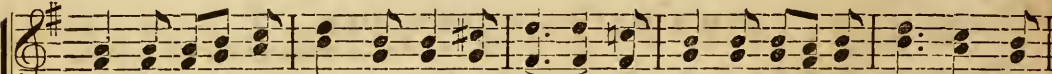
Soon shall be broken the chains that have bound thee, Soon shalt thou o - pen thy won - der - ing eye!  
 Glo - ry and light in God's beau - ti - ful dwelling. O, could we soar to those re - gions with thee.

## WHAT SHALL I GIVE MY SAVIOUR?

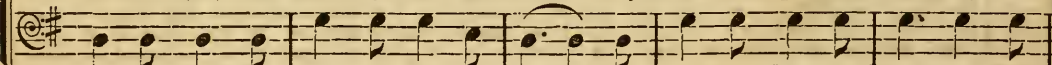
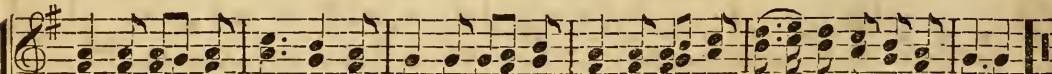
CHILD'S SONG.



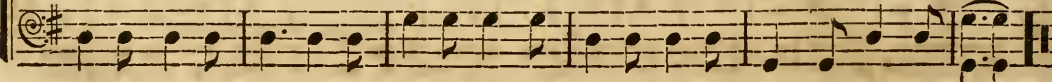
1. What shall I give my Saviour, Who's showed me ev'-ry fa - vor; Whose lov-ing care has  
 2. For ah, what lov-ing kindness! He saw my sin-ful blindness, He caused my sight to  
 3. He saw my soul in dan-ger, He loved me, though a stranger, And bade me seek the  
 4. My heart I'll give my Saviour, 'Tis all I have; with fa - vor, He will re - ceive the


nev - er ceased, Who ev - en died for me? What can I give my Sa-viour? He's  
 be re - newed, My feet no more to stray. What can I, &c.  
 Distant Hills; Where safe - ty e'er a - bides. What can I, &c.  
 hum - ble gift, And kind - ly take me home. My heart I'll give my Sa-viour, He'll

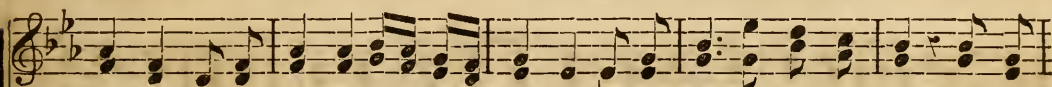
showed me ev'-ry fa - vor. Dear Saviour, I, a child, and poor, What can I do for thee?  
 take it, ah, what fa - vor! And call me home where an-gels are, That bless-ed heavenly home!







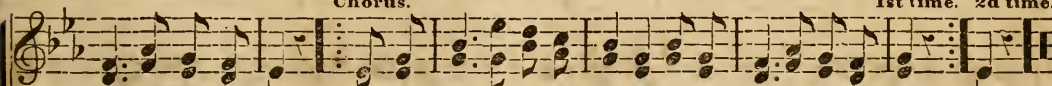
1. I would ev - er, without ceasing, Read the ho - ly book of truth, Of the goodness of the  
 2. How he called the Jewish children, Fre - est blessings to im - part, How he took them to his  
 3. How he welcomed ev' - ry sin - ner Who in grief for mer - cy sued. How he mild reproved all  
 4. He to all the sick and needy, Timely help would kindly grant. How he claimed as lov - ing



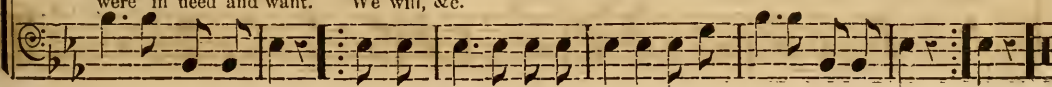
Saviour, Of the goodness of the Saviour, Constant still, in age or youth, Constant  
 bosom, How he took them to his bo - som, Pressed them fondly to his heart. Pressed them  
 er - ror, How he mild reproved the er - ror, And a soul to life re - newed, And a  
 brothers, How he claimed as lov - ing brothers, All who were in need and want, All who

Chorus.

1st time. 2d time.



still in age or youth. { We will ev - er, without ceasing, Read the book of sacred truth,  
 fond - ly to his heart. { Ho - ly book, our guide and treasure, Book of wisdom and of truth!  
 soul to life renewed. We will, &c.  
 were in need and want. We will, &c.



Moderato.

1. O stars of ra - diant beau - ty, How bright your glo - ries are! As in cre - a - tion's  
 2. The morn - ing stars, har - mo - nious, Sang prai - ses in that day; O praise the King of  
 3. For loud shall His re - deem'd ones, Who as the stars shall shine, In Zi - on's day of  
 4. Fare - well, ye stars of beau - ty, The night must pass a - way; No night will shade thy

Chorus. *p*  
 morn - ing, You shone on E - den fair. In the night, In the night, the heav'ns de - clare His  
 Glo - ry, Who o'er the earth bears sway.  
 tri - umph, Pro - claim His love di - vine.  
 glo - ries, O blest, e - ter - nal day!

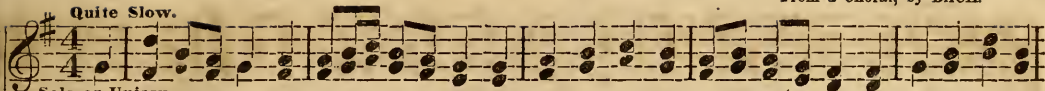
prai - ses. In the morn, In the morn, Then bright - er glo - ry shines.

# THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

From a Choral, by BACH.

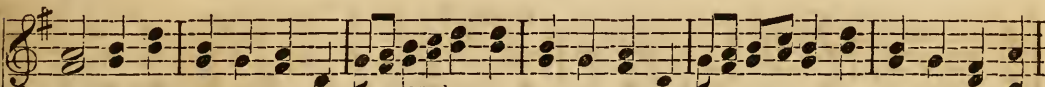
63

Quite Slow.

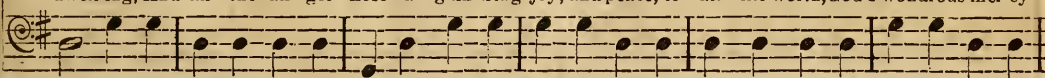


Solo or Unison.

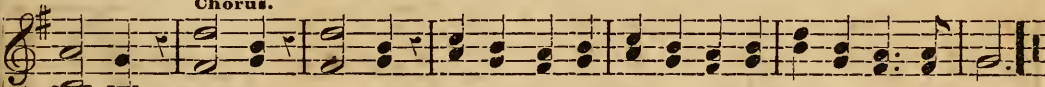
1. How brightly shone that beau - teous star, A - bove the Syrian moun - tains far, On Zi-on's temple
2. The wise men at its light re - joice, And shepherds gaze, while hark! the voice Of angels, round it
3. Then sang the shepherds in.... great joy, And ho - ly thought their souls em - ploy; They seek the low-ly



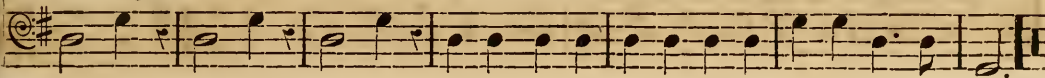
shin - ing, Il - lum'd the mar - ble walls a - while, Pass'd westward o'er the ho - ly soil, T'ward Bethlehem's vale in - call - ing, Good will to men, and praise to God! Glad tidings! See, its beau - teous ray Up - on the Manger dwell - ing, And all the an - gel host a - gain Sing joy, and peace, to all the world, God's wondrous mer - cy



Chorus.



clin - ing. Wel - come! Day - star! All the na - tions, at thy ris - ing, Peace and joy re - ceive.  
fall - ing.  
tell - ing.



## THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

1. The ar - my of the Lord.... The ar - my of the Lord, Is  
 2. The ar - my of the Lord,... Has shin - ing arms in store, All  
 4. The ar - my of the Lord,... Has brave young sol - diers too, Who

march - ing on its won - drous way; A - bove the host broad ban - ners play. With  
 bur - nish'd bright, with heav'n - ly light; Those trust - y, tem - per'd wea - pons dight, With  
 pure - ly live, who no - bly strive, Who will the pro - mis'd prize re - ceive. Be -

daunt - less mien, with flash - ing eye, They march to vic - to - ry. And at the King's com -  
 flash - ing ter - ror fright the eyes Of all their en - e - mies. And at their Cap - tain's  
 neath their flag, they fight and die, Or march to vic - to - ry. Come, join our no - ble

mand, They firm-ly, no - bly stand. They move at his com-mand, Though all the world withstand.  
word, Swift strikes each glit-t'ring sword, And at their Leader's word, Swift strikes each glitt'ring sword.  
band; O - bey our King's com-mand; Come, march at his com-mand, Pos - sess the promis'd land!

## THE LAMB.

Arranged from the German.

1. On the green fields tread - ing, Where sweet violets grow, Lit - tle lamb is  
2. Pret - ty lit - tle lamb - kin, Hap - py now may be; - Not like mine his

feed - ing, White as whitest snow. So my Shep-herd leads me,  
plea - sures May e - ter - nal be. Though I die, my Spir - it

Where sweet flow'rets grow; Where so cool, re - fresh - ing, Tran - quil wa - ters flow.  
Far a - bove may go, Where, in ver - dant pas - tures, Cool - ing wa - ters flow

## L I N D A .

Composed in memory of little Linda A——.

1. Hark, how the wild bird sings! He hastes a - way, on rap - id wings. He's flown to the  
 2. Far, far a - bove the sky, Dwells Lin - da, in her home on high. She sings with the

*Fine. Solo. Slower.*

wildwood shade, Where lit - tle Lin - da's laid. Long we loved her; now we mourn her, Lin - da, gen - tle  
 an - gel choir, And strikes her Gold - en Lyre. When cool evening shades are fall - ing, 'Mid the stars we

flower of eve - ning, Chilled by the dew - y night, That fades at morn a - way.  
 hear her call - ing, "Come to the an - gel land, Dear friends, O come a - way!"

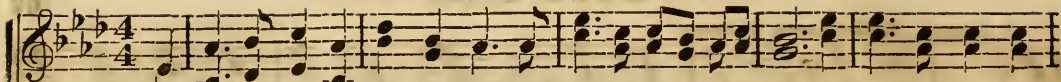
## A Tempo. Semi-Chorus, or Duet.

What shall we do, now Lin - da's gone a - way? We miss her gen - tle  
There will we go, when life has passed a - way. In youth - ful hours, we

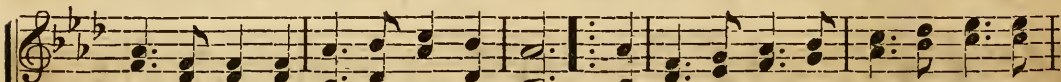
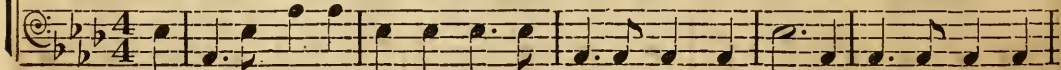
face at home, Her pleasant smile, Her mer - ry play; O, what shall we do? For  
cull sweet flowers, And sing for joy through sun - ny hours; But O, could we fly, On

she re - turns no more. We call her,—and no voice re - plies,—for she is far a - way!  
an - gel wings a - far, Be - yond the glorious eve - ning star, we'd glad - ly haste a - way!

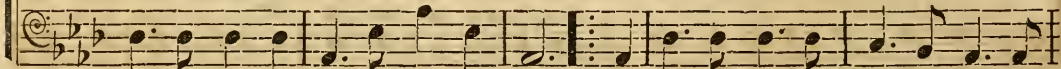
D. C.



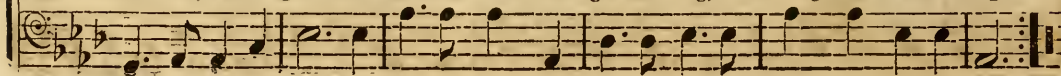
1. When we a-round the star-ry throne, Shall stand, a countless throng, What theme shall thrill our  
 2. Re-deeming love shall be my song, In this will I re-joice, 'Till in the cho-rus  
 3. O come, ye sin-ful souls, who dare To slight the of-fer'd grace, Re-deem-ing Love, re-  
 4. O come, the an-gels in their ranks, Pre-pare to wel-come you. Come sing with them, with



sounding harps, And what shall be our song? Re-deem-ing Love! Re-deem-ing Love! In  
 of the blest, I join with cheerful voice. Re-deem-ing Love! Re-deem-ing Love! And  
 deem-ing Love, Will all your guilt ef-face. Re-deem-ing Love! Shall be our song, A-  
 all the saints, The faith-ful, just and true. Re-deem-ing Love! Re-deem-ing Love! Shall



Heav'n the chief delight. Thro' Heav'n resounds the glorious song, And through the realms of night!  
 this our chief-est joy, A-mong the star-ry host on high, And praise our blest em-ploy!  
 rise and praise the Lord! A-rise and sing the an-gels' song, Nor lose the great re-ward!  
 be our chief delight. Thro' Heav'n resounds the glorious song, And through the shades of night!



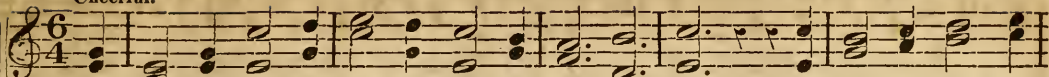


# GOD KNOWS ALL THINGS.

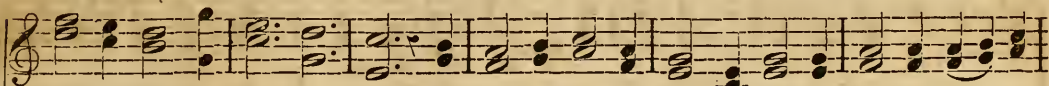
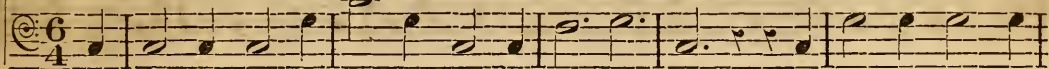
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Arranged from the German.

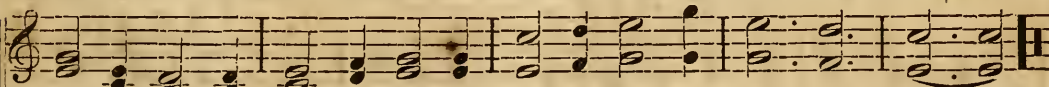
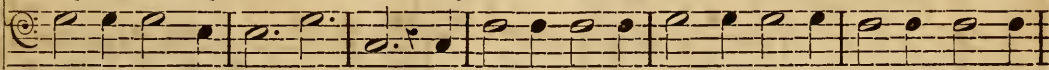
Cheerful.



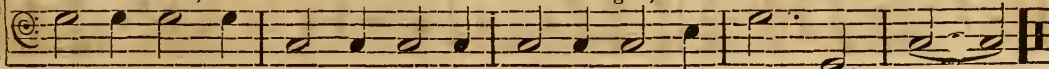
1. The lark pours forth a song of love, Her joy to tell, And God, who hears it  
 2. He watch - es o'er us day and night, With lov - ing eye, And all things wrong, as  
 3. O hap - py they whose hearts are pure, Be - fore the Lord; And hap - py they, whose



from a - bove, It pleas - eth well. And all things know his lov - ing care, In o - cean vast, on  
 all things right, Does he des - cry. Our thoughts, be - fore they are our own, Are to his mind dis -  
 Hope rests sure Up - on His word. They fear to sin, but trust his love, To call their souls to



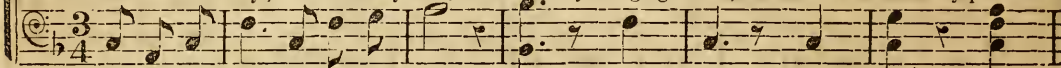
land, in air; He loves to see their cheer - ful glee, He loves them all.  
 tinct - ly known; Nought can we hide, nought can es - cape Our Fa - ther's eye.  
 realms a - bove; And all their sins will He for - give, And bid them live.



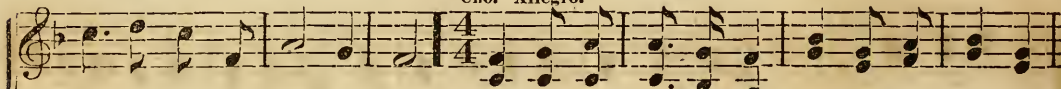
Andante.



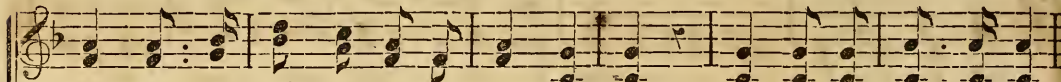
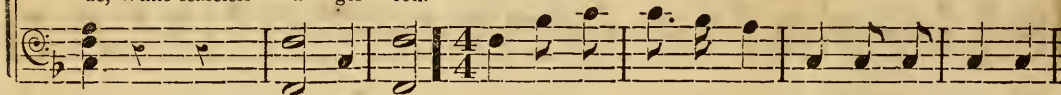
1. Three strangers passed my door at eve; I cried, pray en - ter here! The chilling dew be-gins to
2. They entered;—Faith, that steadfast one, Who bids my soul a - rise, And look with firm, unshrinking
3. And Hope, bright an - gel, Presence blest, Who cheers the darkest gloom; And ev - er points the toil - ing
4. And Char-i - ty; with heavenly love, Who filled my longing soul, With love which shall my portion



Cho. Allegro.



fall, The night comes, dark and drear. Faith, Hope and Char - i - ty, Stars of the morning!  
 gaze, Up - on the heavenly prize.  
 soul, To bliss be - yond the tomb.  
 be, While ceaseless a - ges roll.



Wel - come, for - ev - er dwell with - in my door; Tell me of heaven - ly joy,



Bless and be - friend me, Guard and at - tend me to the heaven - ly shore!

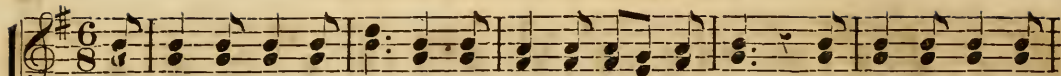
## NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

## CHILD'S HYMN.

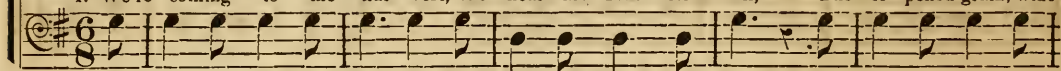
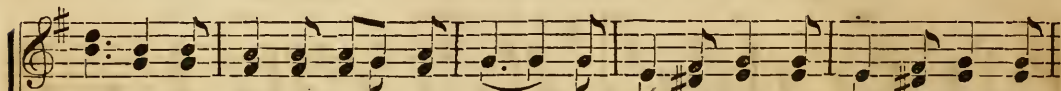
Andante.

1. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If  
 2. Je - sus, ev - er good and mild, Loves a ho - ly, gen - tle - child My  
 3. Moth - er loves me well, I know, No one on earth may love me so; I  
 4. As I lay me down to sleep, Safe the Lord my soul will keep; And

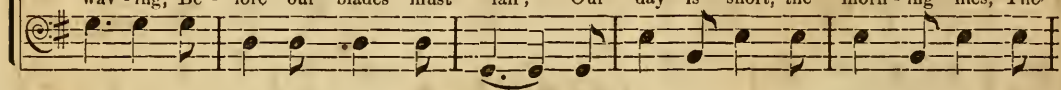
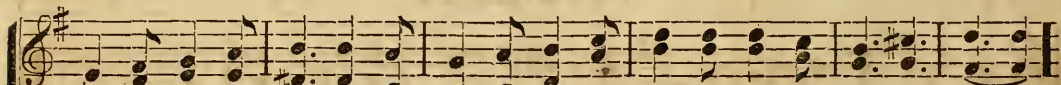
I should die be - fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
 Sa - viour here I wish to love, Then go to live with him a - bove.  
 pray the Lord my guide to be, For more than moth - er's love has He!  
 if I die be - fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.



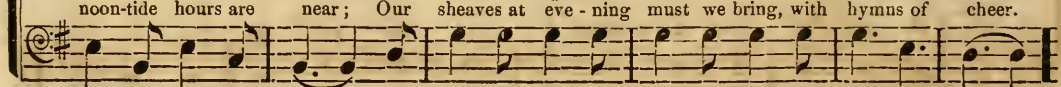
1. We're coming, dear-est pas - tor, We're old - er ev' - ry day, We wish that we were  
 2. We're coming, dear-est pas - tor, For O, we long to go, To bless the dis - tant  
 3. We're coming, pa - rents, teachers, In fair and strong ar - ray, Ah, fit us for the  
 4. We're coming to the har - vest, We hear the Mas - ter's call, The ri - pened grain, wide

sail - ing To hea - then lands a - way; For O, how dark this world of tears, How  
 isl - ands, And lands of pain and woe. As those who bear a gleaming torch, A -  
 con - test, In re - gions far a - way, From out the gos - pel ar - mo - ry, Pre -  
 wav - ing, Be - fore our blades must fall; Our day is short, the morn - ing flies, The

great the work ap - pears! The laborers few, and hard they strive, op - pressed with fears.  
 long the midnight waste; As those who show, to darkened souls, the brightening east.  
 pare our shining arms; For we must fight the Powers of Air, nor dread their fierce alarms.  
 noon-tide hours are near; Our sheaves at eve - ning must we bring, with hymns of cheer.



## Chorus. F.

We're com - ing, dear - est pas - tor, We're old - er ev' - ry  
We're com - ing, &c.

day; And for the glo - rious King - dom, we ev' - ry morn - ing pray.

## P R E G H I E R A .

1. Forgive my sins, I pray thee, Teach me to obey thee, Thy blest Spirit rule me, My Father, God.  
2. O let me, in my station, Publish thy sal - va - tion, Spread the joyful tidings, A - round, a - broad.

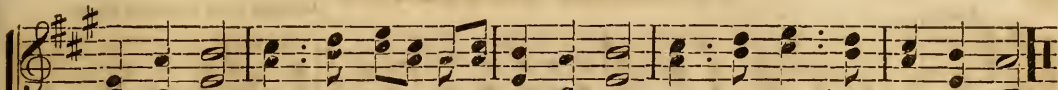
## CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

*Allegro.*


1. "An-gel, strong and glo - ri - ous, Thro' the stars with me as - cend-ing, Are we near the hap-py fields?  
 2. "Don't deceive me, an - gel bright! We are not from earth a - ris - en; Fields I see, and sparkling streams,  
 3. "I thee, child, would not de - ceive: Fair indeed thy earthly dwelling; Fair thy flow'rs, perhaps, as these,  
 4. "See you hap - py child - ren stray Thro' the fields and woods securely; See how beau - ti - ful are they!  
 5. "An - gel, yes, I plain - ly see— Happy, blest the heav'nly vis-ion; Still, un-fit am I to be

Hear you Heaven's mu - sic blending?" "Ope thine eyes! Ope thine eyes! These the fields of Par - a - dise,  
 Such as in our mor - tal pri - son. Lil - ies rare, Ro - ses fair, Pleasant fruits yon green boughs bear.  
 Mid which seraph songs are swell-ing. Yet, be-hold, Storm and cold Nev - er hurt, nor fam - ine bold,  
 In their Fa - ther's care rest sure-ly. Sick-ness, woe, nev - er know, Clad in shin-ing robes they go,  
 Here in hap - py vales E - ly - sian. Scarce can I bear the sight, Ser - aphs cloth'd in daz-zling light!

See you crystal streamlet's flow - ing; Feel the soft breeze gent-ly blow - ing, Hap - py one, whose  
 Bluest sky, and soft breeze blow - ing, O'er the lawn sweet o - dors strow - ing, An - gel, has - ten,  
 O'er yon mountains, plain des-cry - ing, Seest thou ser-aphs swift - ly fly - ing? O'er the mounts that  
 Walk the waves, or float in a - zure, Tast-ing dai - ly, heav'n-ly plea - sure. Hap - py one, whose  
 Take me home, Awhile so - journ-ing, Pa-tience; faith and mer - cy learn - ing, Fit - ted then a -



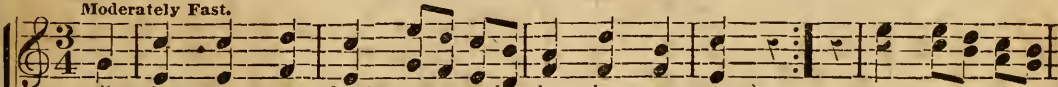
mor - tal eyes, View the scenes of Par - a - dise, View the scenes of Par - a - dise!"  
 let us rise, To the plains of Par - a - dise, To the plains of Par - a - dise!"  
 state - ly rise Round the vales of Par - a - dise, Round the vales of Par - a - dise!"  
 mor - tal eyes, View thy friends in Par - a - dise, View thy friends in Par - a - dise!"  
 gain to rise, On thy wings, to Par - a - dise, On thy wings, to Par - a - dise!"





## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HOHMAN.

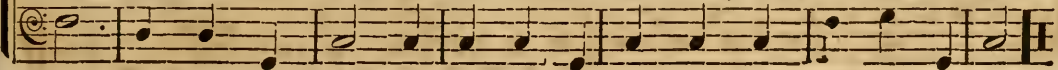
Moderately Fast.



1. A - rise now, my breth - ren, and slum - ber no more, }  
 The morn - ing is break - ing, the night now is o'er. } Hith - er be -  
 2. O'er Beth - le - hem rest - eth this bright star so fair; }  
 An an - gel must sure - ly be tar - ry - ing there. } Look ye, how  
 3. Then wor - ship him, child - ren, be - fore him now fall! }  
 Give praise to the Sav - iour, give praise one and all! } This is the

hold! hith - er be - hold! The star doth its bright - ness and glo - ry un - fold!  
 bright! look ye, how bright! It sheds o'er the man - ger its chrys - tal - like light.  
 Lord! this is - the Lord! O strive to be like him, this Sa - viour a - dor'd!



Slow.

*p*

1. Wea - ry, now, I sink to rest; Close my eyes, with sleep op - prest: Fa - ther, oh, with  
 2. If a wrong I've done this day, Turn, O God, my guilt a - way; For thy love, and  
 3. Those that I most dear - ly love, Guard them from thy throne a - bove; For all men, both  
 4. To the trou-bled, send re - lief; Wipe a - way all tears of grief; O, watch o'er us,

*p* Chorus.

watchful eye, Guard my slumbers ten - der - ly. Wea - ry now, I sink to rest; Close my eyes, with  
 Je - sus' blood, Where I'm sin - ful, make me good.  
 great and small, Un - der thy pro - tec - tion fall.  
 from a - bove; Let our prayer thy pi - ty move.

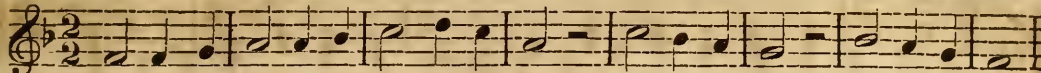
sleep op - prest; Fa - ther, oh, with watch - ful eye, Guard my slum - bers ten - der - ly.



# COME TO THE LAND.

77

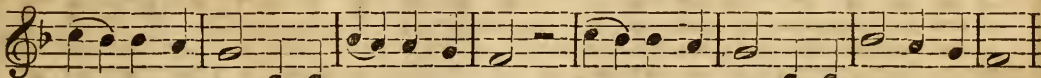
From "Wildwood Songs." By permission.



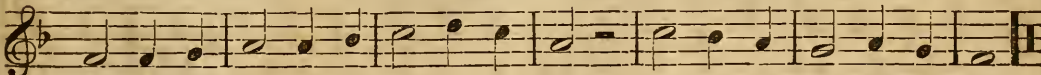
SOLO. 1. Come to the land, that is far, far a - way.	Long have I called, Come, come to me.
CHO. 2. Soul of the loved one we lost long a - go,	Long have we wept, Long have we mourned;
SOLO. 3. All ye that love me come hith - er to me.	Come to the land, Far, far a - way.
CHO. 4. Soul of the loved one, we come at thy call.	Haste to the land, Far, far a - way.




In you told world now no long - er de - lay,	Come to my home, come a - way.
On thy green grave now the wild flow - ers grow,	Voice of the loved and the lost.
Ye with the host of the ran - somed shall be,	Come to my home, come a - way.
Soon will the eve - ning, the night dark - ly fall,	Soon 'twill be day, heavenly day!




Peace - ful I dwell in the land of the blest.	Here, and here on - ly the wea - ry may rest;
Bloom the wild ros - es a - bove thy lone grave;	Soft - ly, O soft - ly the green willows wave,
Day ev - er dur - eth, ne'er com - eth the night,	All, all is tranquil, and radiant and bright,
Then will we rise to the home of the blest,	Long with thee, there, in those mansions to rest:



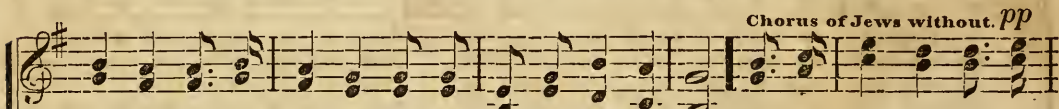
Come where the soul in full glo - ry is drest,	Come, friends so dear, come a - way!
God hath re - sumed the bright soul that he gave,	Long years a - go, long a - go.
Here dwells the soul, clothed with heaven's fairest light,	Come to the land, come a - way!
Haste then, O sun! bend thy course to the west,	We'll to the land far a - way!



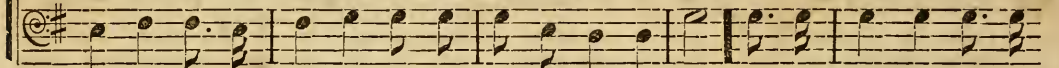

*Duett.* 1. In the fear - ful den of li - ons, Hear the prophet humbly pray. Prays for  
*Daniel.* 3. Lord, I thank thee, for the res - cue, An - gel, bear my praise on high! May his  
*Daniel.* 5. Prince of Me - dia, grieve no long - er. God hath stayed the li - ons' rage. Vain my



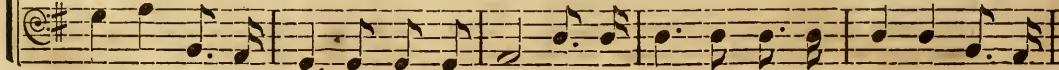
**Chorus of Jews without.** *pp*



res - cue to Je - ho - vah, Whom he serveth faith - ful - ly. Pray for Dan - iel! Ho - ly  
 love thus watch o'er Is - rael, Lead us from cap - tiv - i - ty. Pray for, &c.  
 foes a - gainst Je - ho - vah, All their strength and skill en - gage. Hail to Dan - iel! Hail our

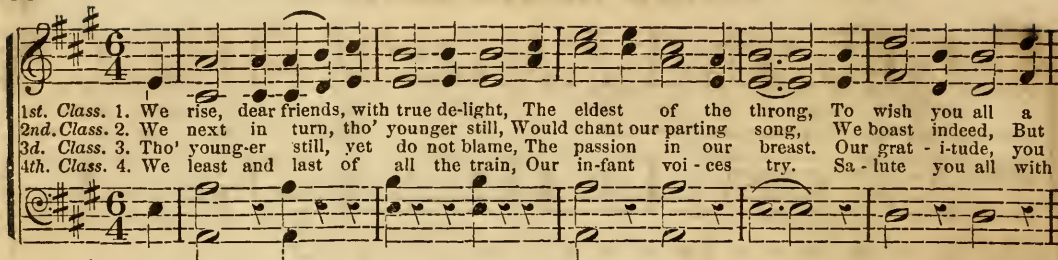
prophet! He must be the li - on's prey, If no an - gel from Je - ho - vah, Haste the  
 lead - er! Praise we Is - rael's Strength and Might. Praise Je - ho - vah, our De - liv - 'rer, watchful



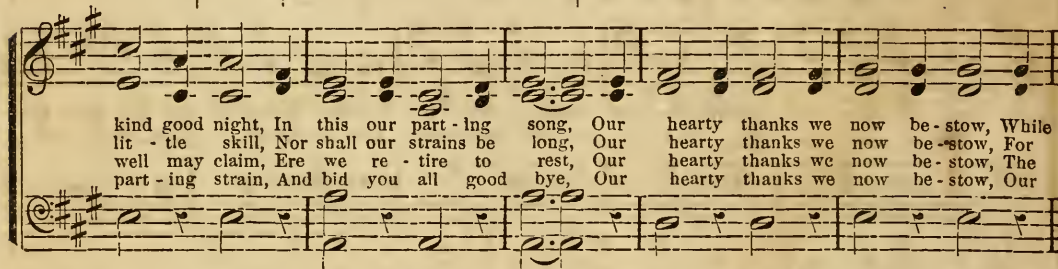
mon - sters' wrath to stay. *Angel. 2.* Hush ye; hush ye, no - ble li - ons! Monarchs  
through the dang'rous night. *Darius. 4.* Now at length, at length 'tis morn - ing. O thou

of the des - ert plain! Cease your roarings, sink to slumber! From the ho - ly man re -  
man of God, re - ply! Had Je - ho - vah pow'r to save thee? Was thy great De-liver-er

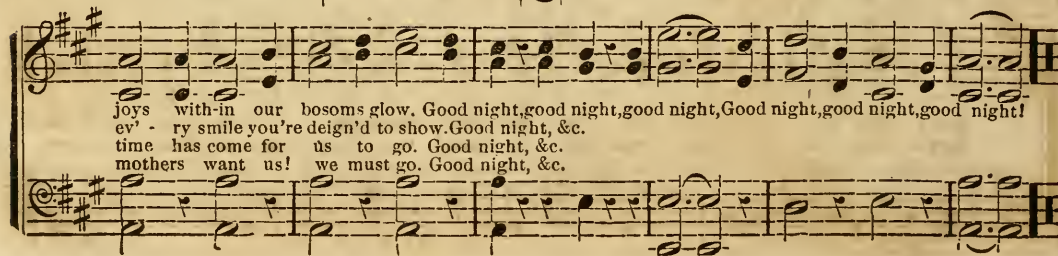
frain! Calm - ly slum-ber, 'till the morn-ing! From the ho - ly man re - frain!  
nigh? Could he save thee from the li - ons? O thou man of God, re - ply!



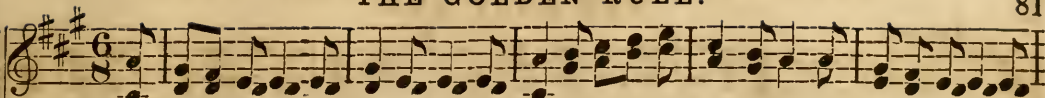
1st. Class. 1. We rise, dear friends, with true de-light, The eldest of the throng, To wish you all a  
 2nd. Class. 2. We next in turn, tho' younger still, Would chant our parting song, We boast indeed, But  
 3d. Class. 3. Tho' young-er still, yet do not blame, The passion in our breast. Our grat-i-tude, you  
 4th. Class. 4. We least and last of all the train, Our in-fant voi-ces try. Sa-lute you all with



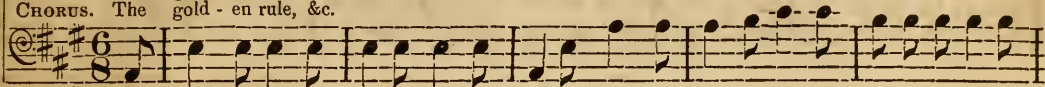
kind good night, In this our part-ing song, Our hearty thanks we now be-stow, While  
 lit-tle skill, Nor shall our strains be long, Our hearty thanks we now be-stow, For  
 well may claim, Ere we re-tire to rest, Our hearty thanks we now be-stow, The  
 part-ing strain, And bid you all good bye, Our hearty thanks we now be-stow, Our



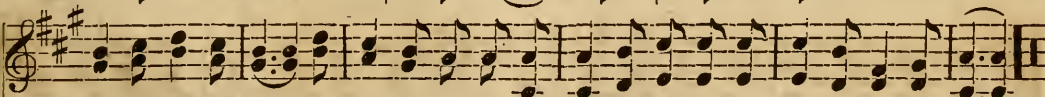
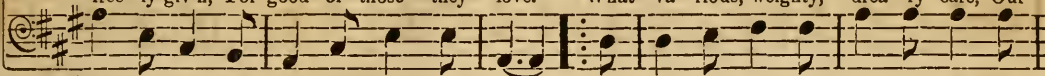
joys with-in our bosoms glow. Good night, good night, good night, Good night, good night, good night!  
 ev'-ry smile you're deign'd to show. Good night, &c.  
 time has come for us to go. Good night, &c.  
 mothers want us! we must go. Good night, &c.



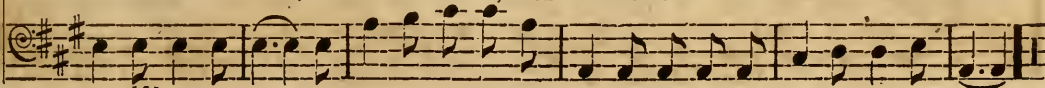
1. The gold - en rule, the golden rule, O that shall be the law for me ! If this was the law for  
 CHORUS. The gold - en rule, the golden rule, O this my law of life should be, To do to others, what  
 2. The gold - en rule ! ah then would war, Be known no more, in a - ny land, If ev'ry one sought the  
 CHORUS. The gold - en rule, &c.  
 3. The gold - en rule ! Ah, sel - fish world, 'Tis not like this in heaven above, For all that one has is  
 CHORUS. The gold - en rule, &c.



all the world, How hap - py we should be ! We love our fa - thers, —mothers, too, Whose  
 I should wish, That they would do to me !  
 oth - er's good, And loved the Lord's com - mands. In un - ion sweet and har - mo - ny, Our  
 free - ly giv'n, For good of those they love. What va - rious, weighty, drea - ry care, Our



love our life at - tends ; And all the oth - ers, they are our brothers, Our sis - ters, or our friends.  
 lives would glide a - way, And none would suffer, and none be poor, And none their trust be - tray.  
 sel - fish souls surrounds, But this will van - ish, when rise our souls A - bove their narrow bounds !



## THE BUSY BEE.

Cheerful.

**Solo or Duett.**

1. How doth the bee, the lit - tle bu - sy bee, Im - prove each shin - ing hour; And  
 2. She builds with skill, with skill her lit - tle cell; How neat she spreads the wax; And  
 3. In works of skill, of la - bor or of skill, Let me be bu - sy too; For

Chorus.

gath - er hon - ey all the day From ev' - ry opening flower. How doth the lit - tle  
 la - bors hard, to store it well With the sweet food she makes. How skill - ful - ly she  
 Sa - tan finds some mischief still For i - dle hands to do. In works of la - bor

bu - sy bee, Im - prove each shin - ing hour; And gath - er hon - ey, all the day, From  
 builds her cell; How neat she spreads her wax; And la - bors hard to store it well, With  
 and of skill, Let me be bu - sy too; For Sa - tan finds some mischief still, For

eve - ry opening flower, And gath - er hon - ey, all the day From eve - ry opening flower.  
 the sweet food she makes, And la - bors hard to store it well, With the sweet food she makes.  
 i - dle hands to do, For Sa - tan finds some mischief still, For i - dle hands to do.

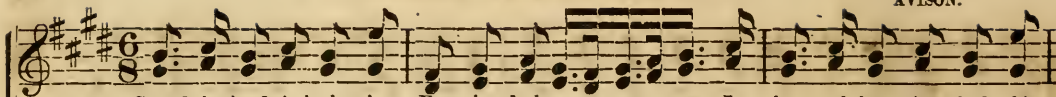
## THE WISH.

HOHMAN.

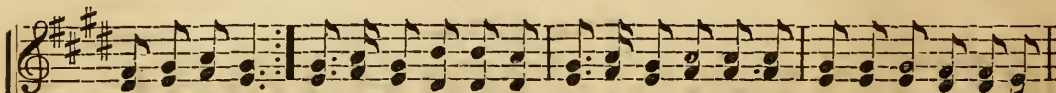
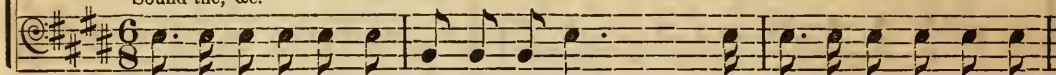
Moderato.

1. Were I a lit - tle bird, Sing - ing so mer - ri - ly, In the clear sky;  
 2. And as the an - gels do, Would I on Heav - en gaze, That bright a - bode,  
 3. What pure de - light for me, Were I an an - gel child; To that bright home,

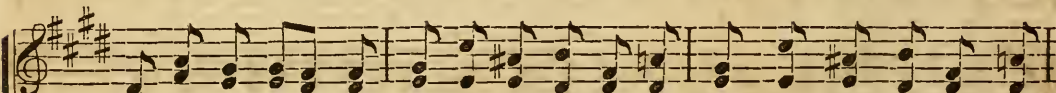
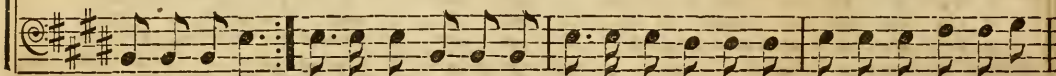
Then should I hap - py be, Then should I hap - py be, soar - ing so high.  
 Where they are wor - ship - ping, Where they are wor - ship - ping, and prais - ing God.  
 Fa - ther all - mer - ci - ful; Fa - ther all - mer - ci - ful, O, let me come!



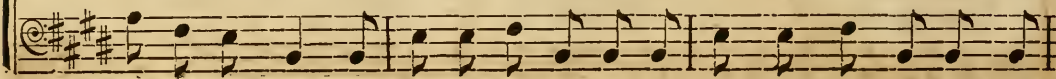
1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, . . . Je - ho - vah has triumphed; his  
Sound the, &c.
2. Praise to the Conqueror, all praise to the Lord! . . . His word was our ar - row; his  
Sound the, &c.



people are free. Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken: His chariots, his horsemen all  
breath was our sword. Who shall return to tell Egypt the sto - ry, Of those she sent forth in the



splendid and brave; How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spo - ken, And  
hour of her pride? The Lord hath looked out from his pil - lar of glo - ry, And





Ritard. Dim. D.C. Coda, for each verse.

Fine.

chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave. his peo-ple are free, his peo-ple are free.  
all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

## MORNING HYMN.

From the German.

1. The day is come; with cheer-ful heart, I leave my bed of rest; To  
2. O Fa-ther, with a friend-ly care, Hast thou pro-ject-ed me; For  
3. The day to which I now a-wake, I con-se-crate to Thee; The

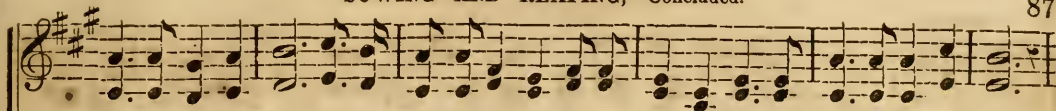
thee, O God, who gra-cious art, Be my first word ad-dressed.  
this, thy lov-ing kind-ness, I Would ev-er thank-ful be.  
strength, which I from slum-ber take, Must for thy ser-vice be.

Allegretto.

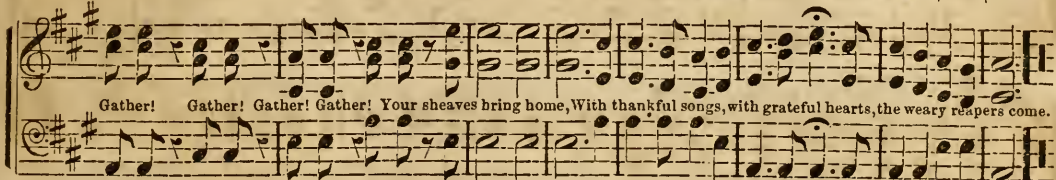
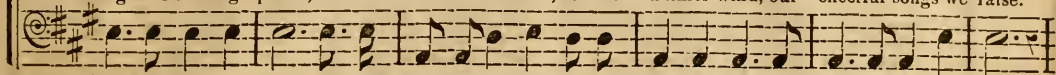
1. Come gath - er, come gath - er, the har - vest is here; We sowed in the spring time with  
 2. Come gath - er, come gath - er, the seed, fine and small, Some chanced by the way - side or  
 3. Come gath - er, come gath - er, O Christian, a - rise; A - far is thy home in the

sor - row and fear; We nur - tured through sum - mer the hope of the year, Now  
 'mid thorns to fall; But this fell on good ground, in rich beau - ty now, It  
 fair ra - diant skies; But now in the field must thou reap for the Lord, The

Chris - tian, re - joice, rejoice, the harvest is here! Gather! Gather! Gather! Gather!  
 shakes as on Leb - a - non the for - est bough!  
 Lord of the Harvest ev - er - more a - dored.



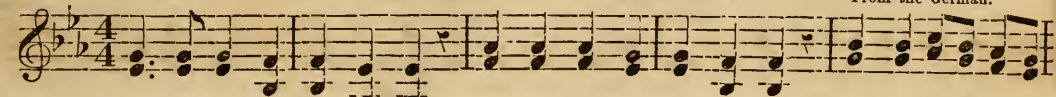
Sing in God's high praise, For the bounti - ful rain, for the summer wind, our cheerful songs we raise.



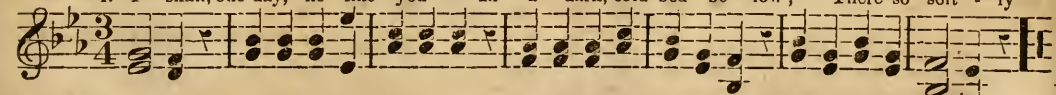
Gather! Gather! Gather! Gather! Your sheaves bring home, With thankful songs, with grateful hearts, the weary reapers come.

### THE LITTLE SEEDS.

From the German.



- |                                      |                                      |                      |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Lit - tle seed, now must you go,  | To a still, cold bed be - low!       | Do as you are        |
| 2. Hark! I seem to hear you say,     | "Do not cast me thus a - way;        | List to my com -     |
| 3. But take courage, lit - tle seed, | Though thou li - est here in - deed, | Gen - tle slum - ber |
| 4. I shall, one day, lie like you    | In a dark, cold bed be - low;        | There so soft - ly   |



bid-den! Now with earth I cover thee; And no eye can ev - er see Where my seed lies hidden.  
 plaining,— Ne'er shall I the sun behold; In my grave so dark and cold, Ah! my life is waning!"  
 tak - ing; Soon will you in upper air As a flow'ret bloom so fair; To new life a - wakening.  
 sleeping; Then shall rise to realms above, While on earth the friends I love, O'er my grave are weeping.

## Chorus.

JUDGES 9.—8.

1. The trees went forth to choose them a king, And called to the Ol - ive tree;—  
 2. The trees went forth to choose them a king, And called to the fair Fig tree;—  
 3. The trees went forth to choose them a king, And called to the fruit - ful Vine;—  
 4. The trees went forth to choose them a king, And called to the Bram - ble small;—

## Solo or Duett.

“Shall I leave bearing my fruit,” said he, “And oil for the temple shrine? The glo - ry and pomp, an -  
 . “I have two harvests, the early and late. Sweet food to the poor I bring. Shall I cease to bear my  
 “Shall I leave bearing my Syrian grapes, The fairest 'neath eastern skies? The pride and the pow'r an -  
 “Se - cure - ly rest, in my shadow, trees, For I the great king will be. Ye cedars that rock on

## Chorus.

oth - er may take, A use - ful lot be mine! O sweet, O sweet hu - mil - i - ty, A  
 nour - ish - ing fruit? An - oth - er be your king! O sweet, &c.  
 oth - er may take, A use - ful life I prize! O sweet, &c.  
 Leb - an - on's brow, De - scend and bow the knee! O sweet, &c.

use-ful life be mine! The humble and meek, The pure in heart, Shall bright in glo - ry shine!

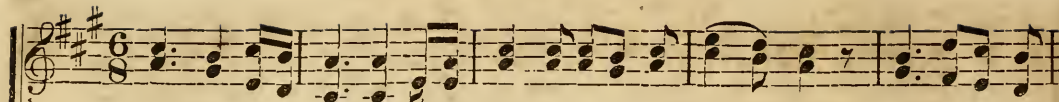
## THE GOLDEN CITY.

From "Wildwood Songs." By permission.

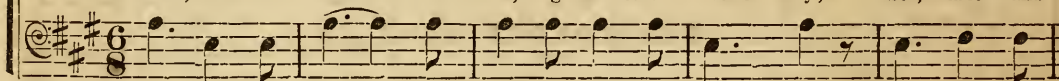
1. O glorious cit - y, vast and high! What wonders meet my eye, What loft - y tow'rs so  
 2. O, far be - yond a mortal's sight, Extends the mas - sive wall, Where dazzling gems cast  
 3. No sun il-lumes that hap-py place. THE GLORY OF THE LORD, Dif - fus - es clear, un -  
 4. O, there are mansions all prepared For saints, their joy and rest: A - rise, my soul, and

crystal clear, What pearl-y gates ap - pear! What pearl-y gates ap - pear.  
 pur - est light, And charm the rap - tured sight, And charm the rap - tured sight.  
 changing light, Thro' all the realm a - broad, Thro' all the realm a - broad.  
 wing thy way, And be for - ev - er blest, And dwell a - mong the blest.

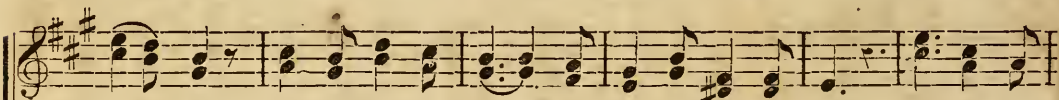
## THE FREED SPIRIT.



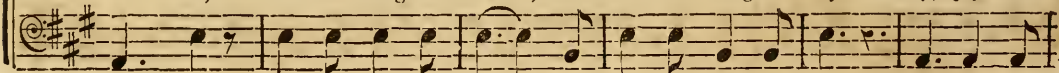
1. Life, fare thee well! Thy storms, thy griefs are o - ver. No more shall  
 2. Friends, fare ye well! Al - though with tears we sev - er, Joys wait for  
 3. Earth, fare thee well! Fare - well, bright scenes of beau - ty; Sea, lake and




pain nor care ob - scure my joy, Far, far a - way, I soar, with ar - dent  
 me in re - gions ev - er fair, There loved ones, lost, And mourn'd long years with  
 wood, and mountains towering high, Fair are thy flowers, And rich thy va - ried

long - ing, To those dis - tant realms, to bliss without al - loy. Life, fare thee  
 sor - row, Soon will welcome me, their glorious life to share. Friends, fare ye  
 mu - sic, Now to brighter scenes, with faith's swift wings I fly. Joy, joy for



well! Life, fare thee well! No more thy day and darkness change for me.  
 well! Friends, fare ye well! Soon may we meet, to weep, to part no more.  
 me! Heaven's light I see! Life, life and end-less glo-ry wait for me.

## BLESSED LORD, WE PRAY THEE HEAR US.

1. Bless-ed Lord, we pray thee, hear us, Who so kind, and lov-ing art!  
 2. When wilt thou re-turn, O Sa-viour, Nev-er more from us to part?  
 3. Oh, what pleas-ure then to greet thee, Where no thoughts of an-ger rise:

If thou wilt be ev-er near us, Bless each trust-ing, faith-ful heart.  
 Help us in thy lov-ing fa-vor To be gen-tle, as thou art.  
 Where the saints, in blest com-mu-nion, Dwell to-geth-er in the skies

## THE PALACE GATE.

1. Thro' the wood of gold - en leaves, of green and gold - en leaves, Light - ed by the  
 2. Pass - ing through the mass - ive door, to en - ter on the way, Sha - ded o'er with  
 3. Ris - ing still, and much in tho't, while pass - ing up the height, Paus - ing on a

sum - mer sun; - thro' fields of har - vest sheaves, Pass - ing on in glad - some mood, with  
 flow - 'ring trees, where spark - ling foun - tains play, Sud - den on the even - ing air, a  
 ter - race edge, to gaze forth on the night, Lo! my friends in fu - n'ral train, with

friends that lov'd me well. Paus'd we at the pal - ace gate, when chim'd the ves - per  
 sound of weep - ing came. Sad - ly rose a mourn - ful song, where - in was heard my  
 mourn - ing robes ar - ray'd. Wend - ing to the church, whose chimes, a mournful an - them



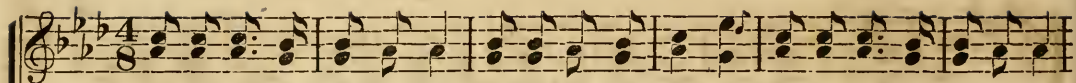
bell. " Now farewell, fare - well dear friends, The night must part us now; Meet we when the  
name. Strange, O strange that friends should weep, When, for a sin - gle night, I, with - in my  
play'd. " Ah, my friends, how strange to me, Your sad and mournful ways. Quick-ly shall we

sun a - gain Doth gild yon mountain's brow, Meet we when the morn-ing sun Illumes the mountain's brow."  
Father's home, A - wait the morning' bright; Part - ing, there to meet again, When dawns the morning light.  
meet a - gain, And sing sweet hymns of praise; Meet with - in my Father's home, And sing sweet hymns of praise.

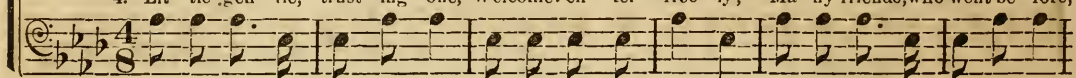
## THE CROSS BEARER.

Western Melody.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here, But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home, my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



1. Lit - tle child, at heav - en's gate, Wherefore art thou wait - ing? Why so bold - ly entrance here,  
 2. Yet, thou lit - tle trust - ing one, Who the cross was't bear - ing, Wherefore hast thou laid it down,  
 3. Wherefore would you en - ter here, Thou, to all a stran - ger? Would you here a re - fuge find,  
 4. Lit - tle gen - tle, trust - ing one, Welcome! en - ter free - ly; Ma - ny friends, who went be - fore,




Solo. ✱



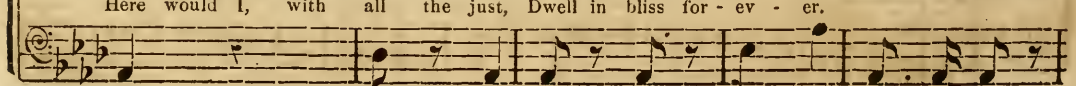
Lov - ing - ly en - treat - ing? I, on earth, a lit - tle while, Bore my cross of sor - row;  
 While to Heav - en far - ing? On my brief, but toil - some way, Lone - ly and for - sa - ken,  
 Safe from ev - 'ry dan - ger? This my ref - uge, and my home; Earth - ly ties I sev - er:  
 Joy - ful haste to see thee. This my ref - uge, and my home; Earth - ly ties I sev - er:




Chorus.

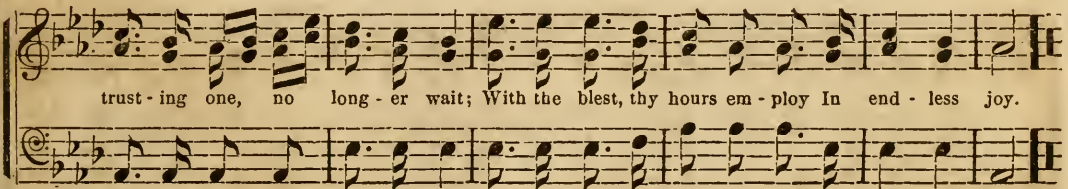


Hop - ing al - way, cheer - ful - ly, Bright - er hours to - mor - row. En - ter in!  
 I the bless - ed Sa - viour met, He my cross has ta - ken.  
 With the ran - som'd I would be, Safe in Heav'n for - ev - er.  
 Here would I, with all the just, Dwell in bliss for - ev - er.






En - ter in! Let the lit - tle trav - ler pass. An - gels ope the pearly gate; Thou



trust - ing one, no long - er wait; With the blest, thy hours em - ploy In end - less joy.

### ENDURING PRAISE.

- 
1. We give to thee, our kind and gracious Lord, Heart-felt praise forever, Grateful praise forever, Grateful praise for-ev - er!
  2. For light and life, and all that we pos-ess, Praise the Lord for-ev-er, Praise the Lord forever, Praise his name for-ev - er!

• In this, as in other Solos, two parts are printed for the convenience of the player, the upper one only to be sung.

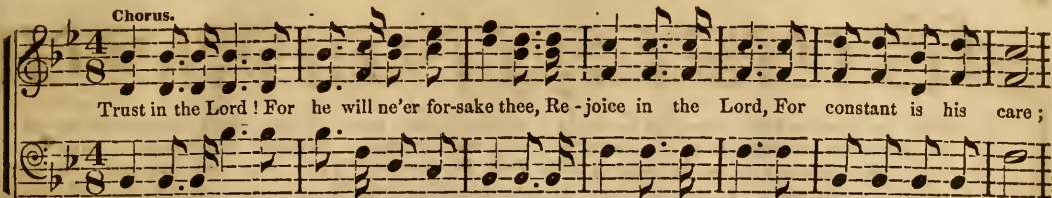
## WHEN THY FATHER AND MOTHER FORSAKE THEE.

1. When thy fa-ther and mother for - sake thee, And life grows drear, And thy dearly loved friends for -  
 2. Should thy foe to the wilder - ness lead thee, To tempt thee there, If the world and its pleasures he  
 3. If thy last dreaded hour is ap - proaching, Thy death draws near, And thy flesh and thy spirit are

get thee, That were so near, Though the vine and the ol - ive fail thee, And  
 show thee, De - lu - sive, fair; If his strength o'er thy weak - ness pow'r - ful, Pre -  
 fail - ing, In ut - ter fear; Lift thine eyes to the mountains a - bove thee, Be -

fears of the fu - ture as - sail thee; Trust, trust in the Friend who in sorrow is ev - er near.  
 vail for awhile to en - thrall thee; A - rise in the strength of thy Saviour, his conquest share.  
 hold there the Friend that has loved thee! Re - joice in the bliss that a - waits thee, the glo - ry wear!

## Chorus.



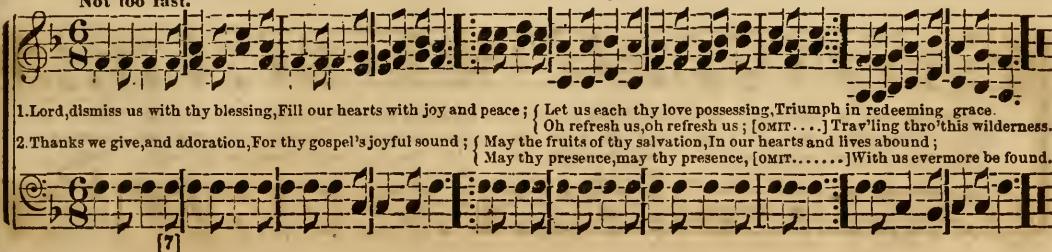
Trust in the Lord! For he will ne'er for-sake thee, Re-joice in the Lord, For constant is his care;



Trust in the Lord! Re-joice in trib-u-lation; Trust and be firm; thy Helper's near.

## LORD, DISMISS US.

Not too fast.

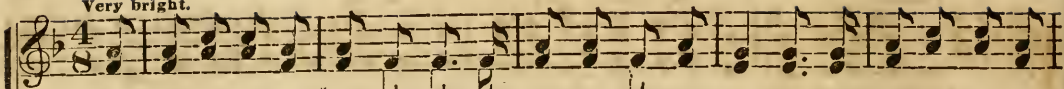


1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.  
Oh refresh us, oh refresh us; [omr . . .] Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

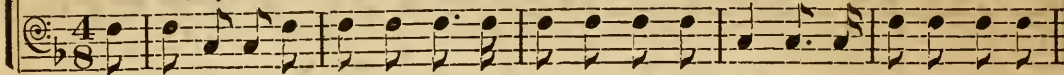
2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound; { May the fruits of thy salvation, In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence, may thy presence, [omr . . . . .] With us evermore be found.

[7]

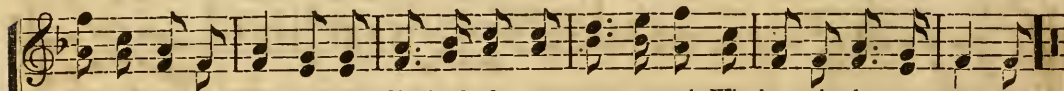
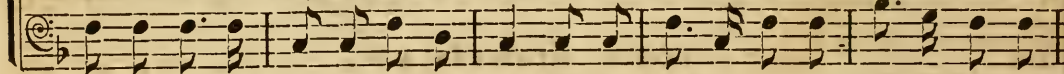
Very bright.



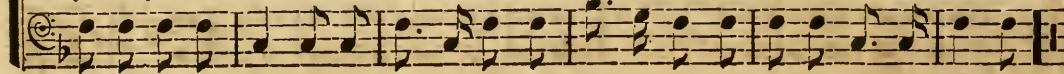
1. When we have lived ten thousand years, In sight of Zi - on's glo - ry, Still beauteous as of  
 2. While we are in this vale of tears, Of pain and sweetest pleasure, Our souls a - rise to  
 3. Oh then, my soul, as - cend the road, That leads to heavenly glo - ry; And sing with all the



old, ap - pears, Re - demption's touching sto - ry; For Judah's Li - on there shall reign, The  
 pierce the skies, For there we've hid our treas - ure; In faith and hope, we see the days That  
 ransomed there, Re - demption's cherished sto - ry; Ten thousand, thousand years may pass, But

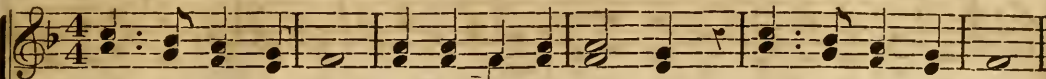


Lamb that died to save us; The Shepherd of our constant souls, Who heavenly glo - ry gave us.  
 God will sure - ly give us; In spir - it now we sing his praise, Where he will soon re - ceive us.  
 yet in youth un - end - ing, We'll sing the lays of Par - a - dise, With seraph voi - ces blending.

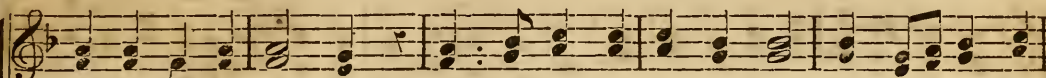


# KEEP ME, LORD, THIS DAY.

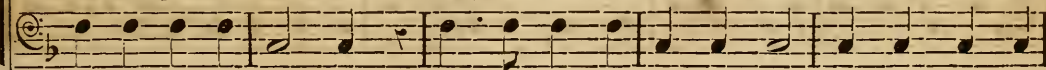
## MORNING PRAYER.



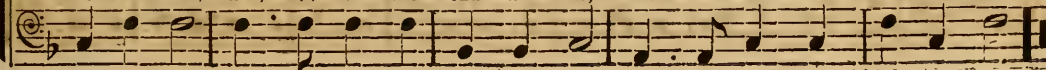
1. Keep me, Lord, this day, Safe from ev - 'ry dan - ger; For a pil - grim I,  
 2. Safe - ly, Lord, this day, Keep me from temp - ta - tion; Guard me, lest I stray,  
 3. Guard me, Lord, this day, When my foes as - sail me; Be my sword and shield:  
 4. Show me, Lord, the way; In my doubt be - friend me: Should I err, this day,



In this world a stran - ger. Trav - 'ling to my Fa - ther's home, Through this win - try  
 Give me thy sal - va - tion. Let me tri - umph in the strife, And re - ceive a  
 Let not cour - age fail me. O'er the world and dead - ly sin, Let me, Lord, the  
 True re - pent - ance send me. Thus, un - til the end shall be, Till I rise to



world I roam, Trav - 'ling to my Fa - ther's home, Through this win - try world I come.  
 crown of life, Let me tri - umph in the strife, And re - ceive a crown of life.  
 vic - 'try win, O'er the world and dead - ly sin, Let me, Lord, the vic - t'ry win.  
 dwell with thee, Thus, un - til the end shall be, Till I rise to dwell with thee.



1. I love to see the blush-ing - rose, the rose and li - ly fair, And ev - 'ry flow - 'ret  
 2. I love to see each wav - ing tree, on ho - ly Sab - bath morn; And praise the Pow'r that  
 3. I love to view yon chrys - tal stream, soft glid - ing to the main, While giv - ing life to

that per - fumes the Sab - bath summer air. No oth - er day, so beauteous they, as in these Sab - bath  
 bade green woods our landscape to a - dorn; Who rais'd the gi - ant oak on high, and green'd the ce - dar's  
 many a bloom, that decks the mea - dow plain. I love to think of Life's fair stream, whereby the saints re -

*f*  
 hours; Thus call - ing us to praise the Lord, who made the love - ly flow'rs. Gen - tle, gen - tle love - ly flow'rs;  
 bough; And bade the graceful wil - low droop, where tran - quil wa - ters flow.  
 cline, And wish that this, their bliss - ful rest, my friend, were thine, were mine.

Chorus.



Last Verse.

Fair-est all these Sabbath hours; Flowing stream and waving tree. Fair-est all, this day to me, day to me.

BE GOOD AND BE HAPPY.

Words from the German.

Allegro Moderato.

Duett.

1. Hap-pi-ness, in full-est measure, To the good on earth is giv'n; Greater far shall be their treasure,  
 2. They who are to God well pleas-ing, Shall be hap-py with the Lord; Endless joy, and life unceasing,  
 3. If I seek, with strong en-deav-or, To o-bey and serve him well, Then the hope shall cheer me ever,

Greater far shall be their treasure, When they reach the gate of Heav'n, When they reach their home in Heav'n.  
 Endless joy, and life un-ceas-ing, Hath he promis'd in his word, Hath he pro-mis'd in his word.  
 Then the hope shall cheer me ev-er, With the Lord in Heav'n to dwell, With the Lord in Heav'n to dwell.

*Allegro.*

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with  
 2. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with  
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields, A thousand sa-cred sweets; Be-fore we reach the

sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. Let those re-fuse to sing,..... Who  
 sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. The men of grace have found,..... Glo-  
 heavenly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets, Then let our songs a - bound,..... And  
*Alto.* Let those re-fuse to sing,  
*Alto.* The men of grace have found,  
*Alto.* Then let our songs abound,

nev-er knew our God,..... But fav'rites of the heavenly King, But  
 ry be-gun Who nev-er' knew our God. Ce-les-tial fruits on earth-ly ground, Ce-  
 eve-ry tear Glo-ry be-gun be-low. We're marching thro' Im-man-nel's ground, We're  
 And ev'-ry tear be dry.

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register. The lyrics are printed below the top staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The lyrics are: "fav'rites of the heavenly King, But fav'rites of the heavenly King May speak their joys a-broad. les - tial fruits on earthly ground, Ce - les - tial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow. marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high."

HYMNS TO ZION'S HILL.

1

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to the ear,  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.  
 Grace first contrived a way  
 To save rebellious man,  
 And all the steps that grace displays  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

2

Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road,  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.  
 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

1

Awake and sing the Song,  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.  
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.  
 Sing, 'till we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue,  
 Sing, 'till the love of sin depart,  
 And grace inspire our song.

2

Soon shall we hear him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come!"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 To our eternal home.  
 There shall our raptured tongue,  
 His endless praise proclaim,  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

## Allegretto.

1. The bird let loose in eastern skies, Re - turn - ing fond - ly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her  
2. So grant me, Lord, from every snare Of sin - ful pas - sion free, A - loft thro' faith's se -

wing, nor flies Where i - dler warblers roam, But high she shoots thro' air and light, A - bove all low de -  
ren - er air, To hold my course to thee, No sin to cloud, no love to stay My soul, as home she

## Chorus.

lay. Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way, } O thus above all earthly things, Would  
springs; Thy sunshine on her joyful way, Thy freedom in her wings. } And then in halle - lu - jahs join, In

2d time.

we our flight pur-sue, 'Till music thrills our raptured ears, And heav'n appears in view,  
loud ho - san-nas clear, While safe we fold our spirit-wings, Where thrones of light appear!

## HYMNS TO ORIENT.

1

O could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!  
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Unconscious of decay.

CHORUS—O thus above, &c.

2

Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim,  
With one reviving touch of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame:  
Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent wishes rise  
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
Immortal in the skies.

CHO.—O thus above, &c.

MRS. STEELE

1

Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus."

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

CHORUS.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth and seas  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thy endless praise.  
The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

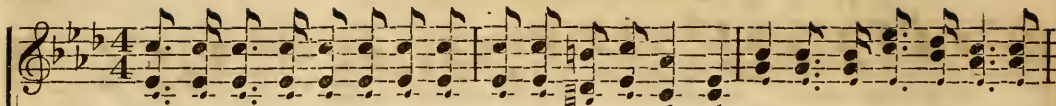
2

Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne,  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.  
Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine,  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

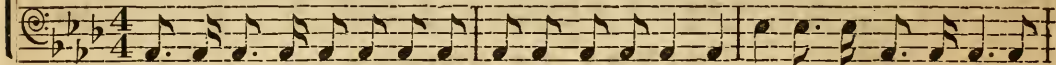
CHO.—Let all, &c.

WATTS.

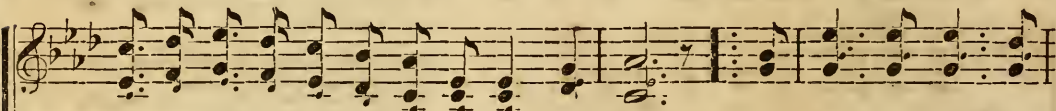
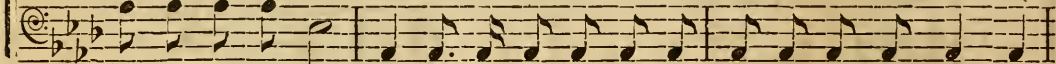
## A SOUL REDEEMED.



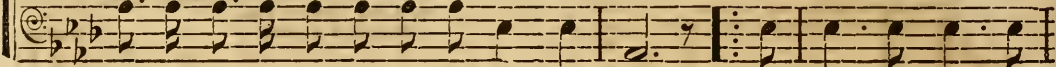
1. Hark! the mighty an-gel harps har - mo-nious - ly are sounding; Hark! thousands, thousands call from  
 2. Price - less soul! if thus in Heav'n they hail thee, heir of glo - ry, We in far humbler strains, should  
 3. Chris - tian, lo, what mul - titudes, all sad with sin surround thee; Not for them songs in Heav'n a -

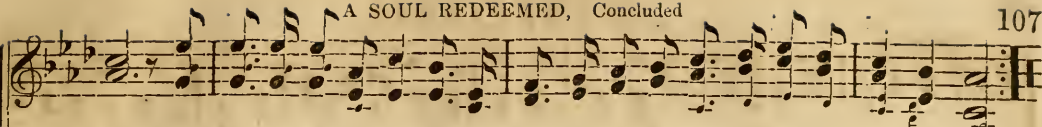


throne to throne with joy; Strange rapture fills the strain, they sing God's grace a - bound - ing;  
 sing thy ran - som, here; Safe through e - ter - nal years; what pleasures lie be - fore thee;  
 rise with ho - ly joy; Christian, once bound like them, till Christ in mer - cy found thee;

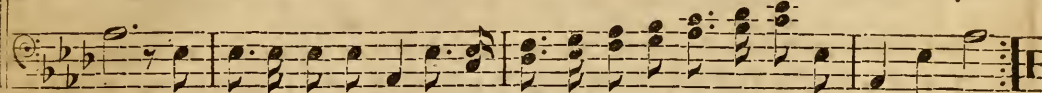


For a soul redeemed, new songs the saints em - ploy. A soul redeemed! they  
 Faith and hope thy pil - grimage shall dai - ly cheer. A soul redeemed! we  
 All thy prayers and zeal to save the lost em - ploy. O, for their souls re



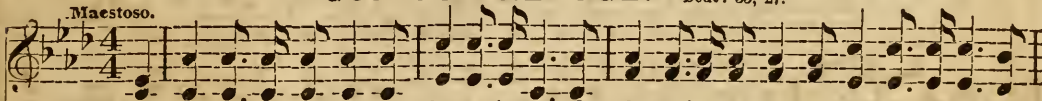


cry, An - oth - er star in glo - ry, Shall brighten all the firm - a - ment thro' end - less years !  
deemed ! Still oth - er stars in glo - ry, Would brighten all the firm - a - ment thro' end - less years !

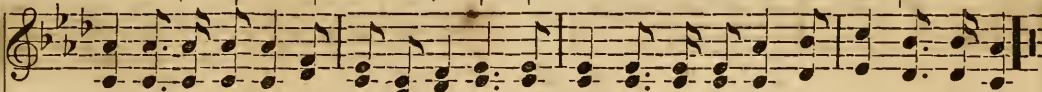


**GOD OUR REFUGE.** Deut: 33, 27.

*Maestoso.*



1. The Lord is my Refuge, when danger is near, I flee to that shelter ; no foe will I fear ; Tho'
2. When foes fierce assail me, with bright, flashing blade, Their strength nor their boasting can make me afraid ; The
3. The Lord is my Refuge, when friends fall away ; And toil yields no longer my food, day by day, He
4. The Lord is my Refuge, and he's my reward ; The Lord my Redeemer, for - ev - er adored ; My



whelmed in dark waters, up - held by his arm, No power have the billows his loved ones to harm.  
Lord is my buckler, in his strength I fight, Tho' thousands as - sail me, how vain is their might!  
calls to his mansions, I feast at his board, For he's my Deliver - er, my Strength, and my Lord  
peace like a riv - er, for - ev - er shall be, My Lord, in his glo - ry en - throned, I shall see.



Moderato.

1. Out on the o - cean vast and dim, We cheerfully sing our evening hymn, We cheerfully sing our  
*p* "Hush, Christians, hush! for distant, clear, The song of the angels I surely hear! The song of the angels I  
 2. Weary and faint, and tempest-tossed, We oft, with our barque, were wrecked and lost, We oft with our barque, were  
*p* "Hush, Christians, hush! more loud and clear, That welcoming song! The shore is near! That welcoming song,—the

Fine.

D. C.

eve - ning hymn. Tempest and storm we've bat - tled thro', Not yet is the wished for shore in view;  
 sure - ly hear!  
 wrecked and lost,— Had not, a - bove the clouds a - far, Shone cheerfully still our guiding star.  
 shore is near!

3

4

Now dark around the mists arise;  
 We see not the wave, nor the starry skies;  
 Trusting, we still pursue our way,  
 Hopeful we wait the morning's ray;  
 "Hark, Christians, hark! from golden wires,  
 Tones mingle with songs from angel choirs!

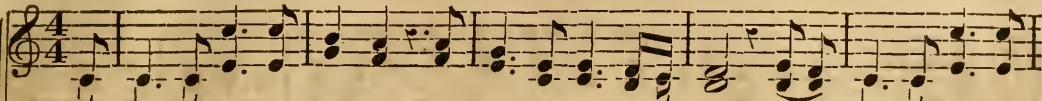
Out on the ocean vast we roam,  
 But cheerfully trust we're near our home;  
 See, brothers see! the mists arise!  
 Brightly the morning decks the skies!  
 "Hail, Christians, hail! they welcome you!  
 Safe, safely arrived! the shore's in view!



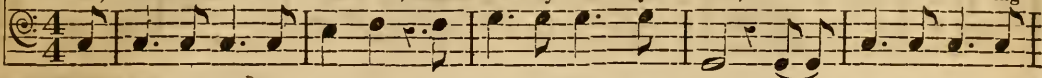
# THE BOW OF PROMISE.

Scotch Air.

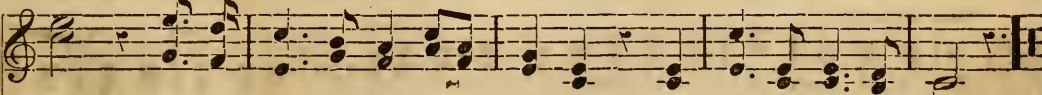
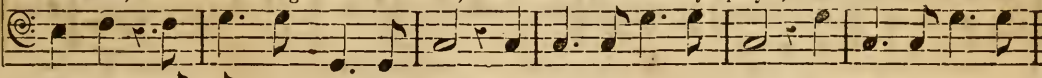
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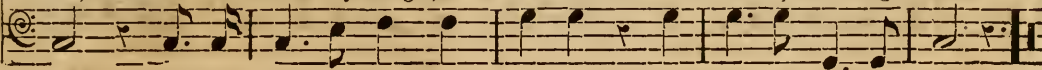
1. Up - on yon ver - dant mountain, See clouds of in - cense rise; Lo! the ho - ry an - cient
2. A - round, what joy - ous creatures, Range, o - ver mound and plain; Though still on dis - tant
3. No more a - bove these mountains Will fu - rious bil - lows pour; No more the wasteful
4. Oh, when rude storms of sor - row, Surround my wea - ry soul; And I fear the swell - ing



prophet, Pre - pares a sac - ri - fice; And thro' the vales a - far, Be - hold the floods re -  
summits, De - scends the mis - ty rain; But lo! what vis - ion fair! Be - hold the Bow ap -  
del - uge Con - ceal yon riv - er's shore; But har - vest time and spring, Shall while the world en -  
wa - ters, Which threat'ning near me roll; In an - swer to my prayer, The Bow of Promise



tire; While, a - bove, you part - ing tem - pest Lets in the glad sun - shine.  
pear! God's beauteous Bow of Promise, A new born world to cheer.  
dures, Still ar - rive in wont - ed or - der, For this the Bow as - sures.  
fair, Re - - vives my strength, as - sures me Of God's pro - tect - ing care.



1. How beau - ti - ful up - on the mountains, are the feet of him, that bringeth glad

tidings, that bringeth glad tidings, that publish - eth peace, that publish - eth peace. peace.

1st time. 2d time.  
Fine.

Solo or Duett.

How beau - ti - ful up - on the moun - tains are the feet of him, that bringeth glad

tid - ings, that bringeth glad tidings;—How beau - ti - ful up - on the moun - tains

*Duett.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with various note values and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature and contains a bass line with notes and rests. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

are the feet of him, That bringeth glad tid - ings, that pub - lish - eth peace.

*D.C.*

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It contains a melody with various note values and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature and contains a bass line with notes and rests. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

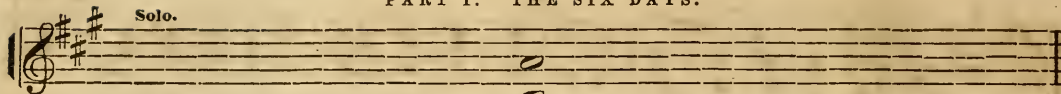
## OLD HUNDRED. (DOXOLOGY.)

Be thou, O God! ex - alt-ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky; So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/2 time signature and contains a bass line with notes and rests. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

## PART I. THE SIX DAYS.

Solo.

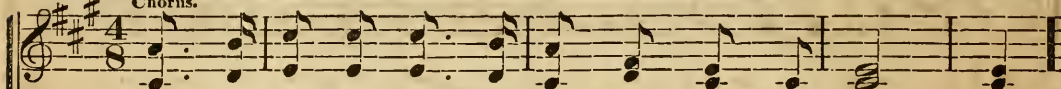


1. In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth; And God said, "let there be light!" and there was light!

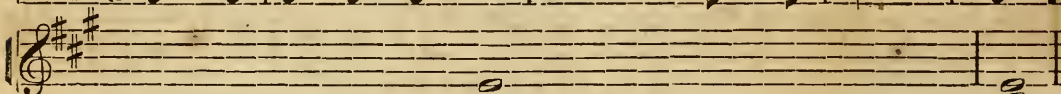
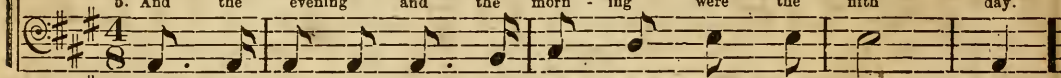
3. And God said, "let the waters under heaven be gathered unto one place, and let the dry land appear."

5. And God said, "let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth."

Chorus.



1. And the evening and the morn - ing were the first day.  
 3. And the evening and the morn - ing were the third day.  
 5. And the evening and the morn - ing were the fifth day.

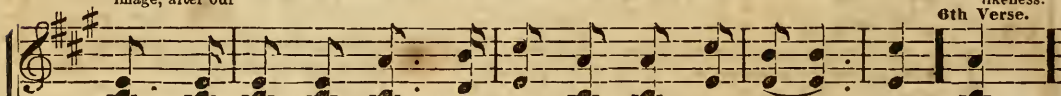


2. And God said, "let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the..... waters."

4. And God said, "let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the..... night."

6. And God said, "let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind;"—And God said, "let us make man, in our likeness."

6th Verse.



2. And the evening and the morn - ing were the sec - ond day.  
 4. And the evening and the morn - ing were the fourth day.  
 6. And the evening and the morn - ing were the sixth day.



After 3d and 6th Verses.

A new cre - a - ted world, A new cre - a - ted world Springs up, springs

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

up at God's command, Springs up at God's com-mand, Springs up at God's com-mand.

This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

## EVENING HYMN.

Arranged from the German.

Moderato.

1. The day is o'er, all nature sleeps, Our Father still doth wake, And while our weary eyelids close, Most watchful care doth take.  
2. Yes, by thy kindness guarded now, We gently sink to rest. And while we sleep, we know that thou Hast all our la-bor blest.  
3. And all is good our Father gives, Nought shall our trust destroy, While under thy safe care we live, Thy blessings to en-joy.

This system contains the first two staves of music for the Evening Hymn. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

*May be sung separately from the other.**Andante.*

*m*

1. God bless'd the Sab - bath, and sanc - ti - fied it, For in it he rest - ed from  
 2. Thus rest on the Sab - bath, and sanc - ti - fy it, Re - frain - ing from all of thy

all his work, For in it he rest - ed from all his work, Which God cre -  
 week - day cares; Thy thoughts as - - cend - ing to realms of peace, Where end - less

a - ted and made, For in it he rest - ed from all his work, Which God cre  
 rest en - dures. Thy soul as - cend - ing to realms of peace, Where rest for -

## Chorus. Soft throughout.

a - ted and made. Sweet rest!... Sweet rest!... Sweet Sab - bath, ev - e -  
 ev - er en - dures.

*pp* *ppp*

blest!... Thus shall we rest in the Beau-ti - ful land, When our six days' work is

-o'er.... Thus shall we rest in the beau-ti - ful land, When our six days' work is o'er.

Ad Lib.

Our Fa - ther, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth  
as it

is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses, | trespass a - gainst us  
as we forgive them that

And lead us not into | tation, but de- | evil. For thine | kingdom, | power, and the glory, for ev - er. A - men!  
temp- | liver us from | is the | and the



*Allegro. Sprightly.*

1. Burst, ye em'rald gates, and bring To my raptured vis - ion, All ex - tat - ic  
 2. Floods of ev - er - last - ing light, Free - ly flash be - fore him, My - riads with su -  
 3. Four and twenty - eld - ers rise From their prince - ly sta - tion, Shout his glorious  
 4. Hark! the thrilling sym - pho - nies Seem methinks to seize us, Join we too the

**Chorus.**

joys that spring Round the bright E - ly - sian. Lo! we lift our - long - ing eyes,  
 preme de - light, In - stant - ly a - dore him. Lo! &c.  
 vic - to - ries, Sing the great sal - va - tion. Lo! &c.  
 ho - ly lays, Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus! Lo! &c.

Break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies! Sons of righteousness a - rise, Ope the gates of Par - a - dise!

*Maestoso.*

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heavens most high, And  
 2. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heavens most high, And

un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of the sky.  
 un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of the sky.

On cherub and on cher - u - bim, Full roy - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of  
 He sat se - rene up - on the floods, Their fu - ry to re - strain, And he as sov'reign

mighty winds Came flying all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all 'a - broad.  
Lord and King, For - ev - ermore shall reign, And he as sov'reign Lord and King, Forevermore shall reign.

## WHERE, WHERE IS ADAM?

A quaint old negro hymn, sung by good old "Aunt Hannah," who is now "safe, safe in heaven."

*Allegro.*

- 1st. DIV. 1. Where, where is Adam? Where, where is Adam? Where, where is Adam, in this dang'rous, trying time?  
2. Where, where is Cain? Where, where is Cain? Where, where is Cain, in this dang'rous, trying time?  
3. Where, where is Enoch? Where, where is Enoch? Where, where is Enoch, in this dang'rous, trying time?  
4. Where, where is Abram? Where, where is Abram? Where, where is Abram, in this dang'rous, trying time?

2d DIV. Hid in the bushes, Hid in the bushes, Hid in the bushes, in this dang'rous, trying time.  
He's gone a wand'ring, He's gone a wand'ring, He's gone a wand'ring, in this dang'rous, trying time.  
Safe, safe in Heaven, Safe, safe in Heaven, Safe, safe in Heaven, in this dang'rous, trying time.  
He's with the faithful, He's with the faithful, He's with the faithful, in this dang'rous, trying time.

This is, perhaps, the sweetest of all the old tunes. Although it appears difficult, it may be easily conquered with a little practice.

*Treble.*—The

1. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides, That ho - ly, hap - py place,

*Bass.*—The new Je - ru - sa -

new Je - rusalem comes down, A - dorned . . . with shining grace, The new Je - ru - sa -

*Alto.*—The new Je - rusalem comes down, A - dorned . . . with

*Tenor.*—The new Jerusalem comes down, Adorned . . . with shining grace, The new Je -

lem comes down, Adorned . . . with shining grace, The new Je - rusalem comes down, A -  
lem comes down, Adorned with shin - ing grace, Adorned . . . with shin - ing grace.

shin - ing grace, Adorned with shin - ing grace, Adorned . . . with shin - ing grace.  
ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shin - ing grace, Adorned . . . with shin - ing grace.

dorned with shining grace, Adorned with shin - ing grace, Adorned . . . with shin - ing grace.

2 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
Mortals! behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.

3 The God of Glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode,  
Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
And he their loving God.

4 How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay!  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day!

A POEM FOR RECITATION AND SINGING, AT SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

A still, cold Winter night. The unveiled moon  
 Full radiance poured on forest, snowy hill,  
 And on the frozen lake. Along its brink  
 Came winding, sad and slow, a funeral train.  
 No sound,—except their measured steps upon the crisp  
 And frosty path. No sound,—  
 Except, at intervals, a distant bell.  
 And as the mourners pass, what wonder! See,  
 They bear with them a maiden, fair and young.  
 No hearse, no coffin; as on a couch upraised,  
 Her pillow decked with many rarest flowers,  
 Around, a garland placed. Her snowy robe  
 With sweetest blossoms strewed. Not dead,  
 Not dead, but surely there in slumber deep,  
 Rested that pale, pure, beauteous maiden form.  
 But hark! the mourners chant her requiem.  
*Requiem in Pacem! requiem aeternam!*  
*Dona eis Domine Requiem aeternam!*  
 And to the solemn music marching slow,  
 They gained the forest edge, and in the shade  
 Of massive pines and hemlocks, which obscured  
 The outer radiance, now nuseen they passed.  
 But lo, a sudden light from torches twelve,  
 Borne by those dark robed men about the bier,  
 Flashed through the wood, and lent a rosy glow  
 To the pure features mid the flowers laid.  
 Around, tall trunks appeared, as pillars huge  
 In old cathedral aisles. Above, a fretted roof  
 Of twisted boughs. And far, and far  
 The antique building stretched, a mighty work  
 Of God's own building. Up the nave we passed,  
 (For in the vision I then with them walked.)  
 Until the way a gloomy portal barred.  
 On high amid the boughs that archway soared,  
 Of old Egyptian form; of pall-like blackness all.  
 But o'er the gate in lurid letters burned,  
 "ALL MORTALS ENTER HERE. THIS IS THEIR HOME!"  
 A stern voice cried, "Who cometh here at night?"  
 But hark, the mourners' song again ascends.  
*The golden bowl is broken,*  
*The silver chard is loosed.*  
*Our good and beautiful,*  
*Our truthful, constant one,*  
*Hath died, and left us sorrowful.*  
*We would not come by day.*

*Beneath the moon's pure ray,*  
*Unhidden from the angel's gaze,*  
*And decked with fairest flowers,*  
*We bring our loved one home.*  
*Unfold, ye gates, and let us seek the bourne,*  
*From which no traveller may e'er return,*  
*The end of sorrow, and the end of mirth.*  
*Here comes thy child, to rest with thee, O Earth!*

And, noiselessly, the dark gates opened wide;  
 And that clear voice in milder accents called,  
 "Enter the Court of Peace!" In view  
 Appeared a scene of mingled light and shade,  
 Of sculptured shafts; of groves; of winding paths,  
 O'er hill and valley leading. Now advanced  
 The dark procession, resting finally  
 Beside a marble tomb, o'erhung with larch,  
 Now leafless, but around it evergreens  
 Of fadeless verdure. Now around  
 The lovely dead in broken groups they stood,  
 And raised a parting song. But what  
 They sang I know not,—For behold,  
 Upon us beamed a warm and glorious light.  
 And, turning, lo! a gate, not like the first,  
 But all instinct with light. Pure white,  
 And decked with sculpture rare, with doors of gold,  
 Which now wide open stood. And there  
 Expectant stood a group of shining ones,  
 Of whom the chief advanced with hasty steps.  
 Now by the bier, as by the widow's son,  
 Our Saviour stood, he paused, and smiling sweet,  
 With heavenly radiance, touched the maiden's brow.  
 Then speedily the slumbering eyes unclosed,  
 New life filled every vein. With wondering gaze  
 She saw the angels fair, and hastily,  
 With robes that 'gan to shine, and murmuring  
 The first words of the New Song, she reached  
 Those golden doors. Then disappeared  
 The heavenly vision, with a sound  
 Of seraph wings, and all again was still.  
 And what thereafter passed, I know not; save,  
 While on my homeward way, with holy thoughts  
 And memories busy, that I heard the tread  
 Of many marching feet; the funeral train,  
 Returning through the wood.

## REQUIEM.

Adagio. In time of a slow march.

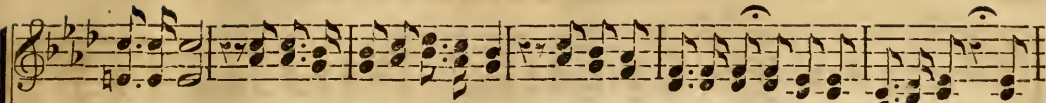
Best to sing the Latin.  
 Re - qui - em e - ter - nam Do - na e - is Do - mi - ne, Re - qui - em et Pacem, e - ter - nam ;  
 Rest e - ter - nal give to us, Lord, Rest and peace e - ter - nal ;

Re - qui - em et Pacem, Re - qui - em e - ter - nam, Do - na e - is Do - mi - ne, Re - qui - em !  
 Rest and peace, Rest e - ter - nal Give to us, Lord, Give us rest.

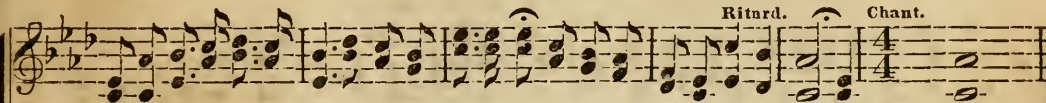
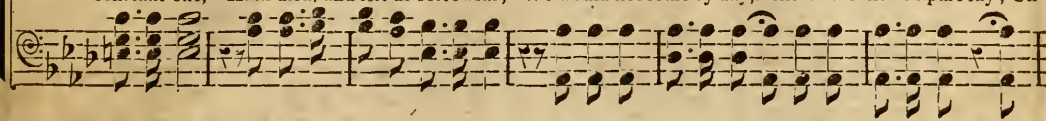
D.C.

## THE GOLDEN BOWL IS BROKEN.

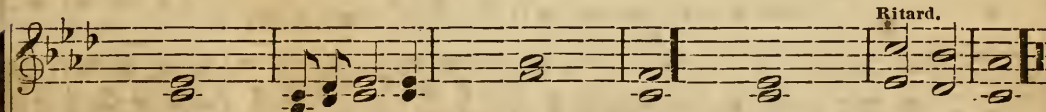
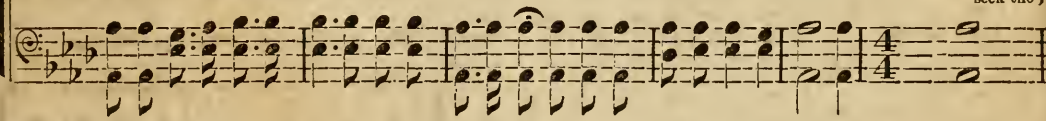
*mp* The golden bowl is broken, The silver cord is loosed ; Our good and beautiful, Our truthful,



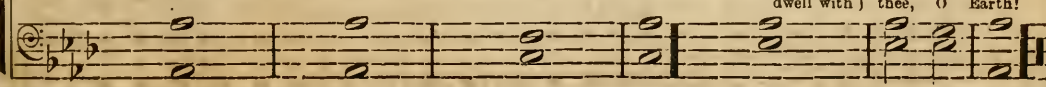
constant one, Hath died, and left us sorrowful; We would not come by day, Beneath the moon's pure ray; Un-

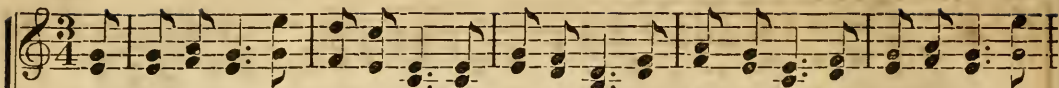


hidden from the angels' gaze, And deck'd with fairest flow'rs, we bring, we bring our loved one home. Un - fold ye gates, and let us }  
seek the }



bourne, from which no trav'ler may e'er return, the end of sorrow, and the end of mirth, Here comes a child to }  
dwell with } thee, O Earth!

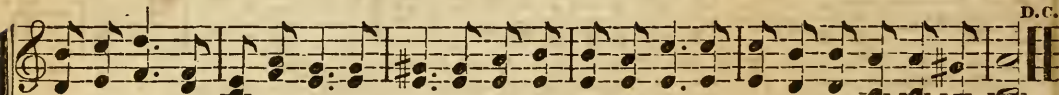
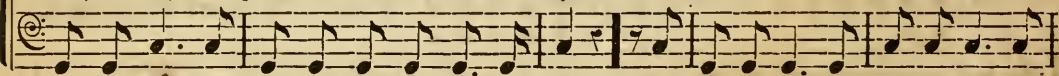




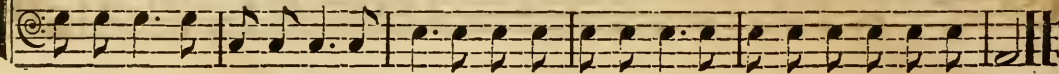
1. Ju - de - a's vales were verdant now, And vineyards crown'd the mountain's brow, And gen - tle breez - es  
 Ah, then, Im - man - uel, friend of man, Thy mighty em - pire first be - gan; 'Twas then; Re - deem - er,  
 2. In Zi - on, clouds of in - cense rise, And priests pre - pare the sac - ri - fice; Be - hold the des - tin'd  
 Ah, children, now the song re - new, And we will sing Ho - san - na too; All hail, Re - deem - er,



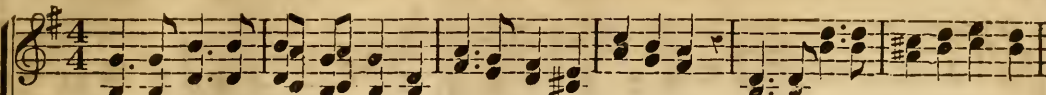
swept the sea, And cool'd the plains of Gal - i - lee; When Je - sus, with his cho - sen band, Pass'd  
 thou, for me, Did'st pass thro' death to vic - to - ry.  
 of - fring near, Be - hold the Lamb of God ap - pear! "Ho - san - na to great Da - vid's son! All  
 thou, for me, Hast pass'd thro' death to vic - to - ry!



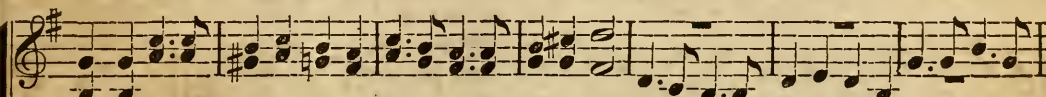
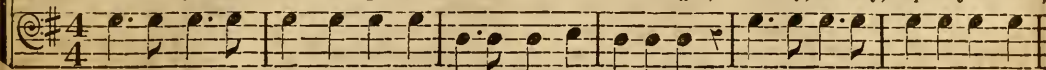
glorious, thro' the Ho - ly land; With heal - ing words, with king - ly pow'r, Twas Is - rael's favor'd, promis'd hour.  
 hail, thou pure and priceless one!" Hark, children's voi - ces loud proclaim, In cho - rus sweet, Mes - si - ah's fame!



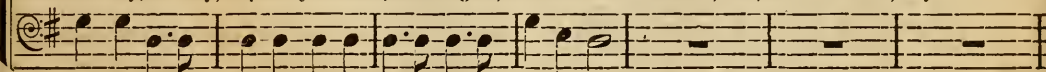




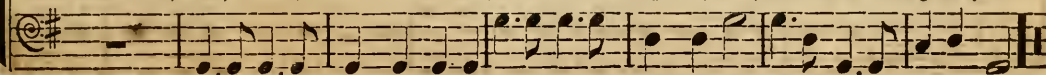
1. We have met, but some are absent, Some that we have loved are gone; Strangers fill the vacant places;  
 2. They are absent; yet there linger, Cheerful thoughts of other days, When they loved to gather with us;  
 3. Far in yon-der realms of glo-ry, Where our blessed Jesus reigns, We may, one day, hope to join them,

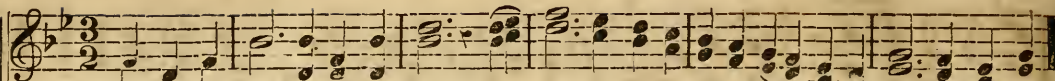


Strangers fill the vacant places; Silence breathes their name alone, Never will their joyous voices Fall upon our  
 When they lov'd to gather with us, Loved to join our songs of praise. Ever shall those holy mem'ries Gladden our des-  
 We may, one day, hope to join them, In those glad, exultant strains. Faithful, then, forever faithful, May we be to

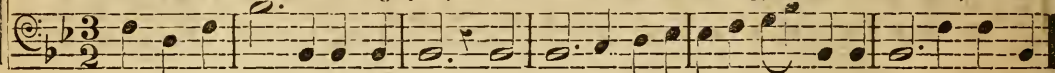


ear-a-gain; Never more their smi-ling faces Greet us, while we here remain, Greet us, while we here re-main.  
 ponding hearts; Ever liv-ing, ev-er hoping, They remain, tho' life departs, They remain, tho' life de-parts.  
 God and truth; Then, tho' sad, will death be welcome, Tho' he comes in age or youth, Tho' he comes in age or youth.

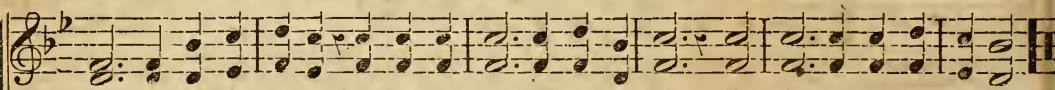




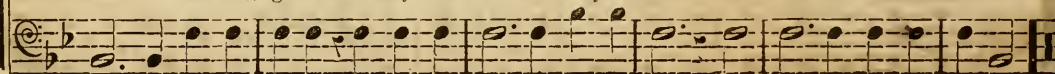
1. An - oth - er year has passed a - way      In si - lence, gone for - ev - er; Yet memo - ry shall bid it  
 2. And has it passed a - way un - blest - ed?      Have all its hours been wasted? Not all, yet far too much in  
 3. And does the les - son we re - ceive,      Bid us to faint in sorrow? Oh no! it bids us look and  
 4. And forward in the coming year,      We'll strive to win the blessing; And tho' in darkness, nev - er



stay,      Its acts shall per - ish nev - er! Our prayers and praise this day we raise      To  
 rest      The joys of God we've tast - ed.  
 live,      And hope from faith to bor - row.  
 fear      The love of Christ possess - ing



Him who all things giveth. That by His side we may a - bide      Where he for - ev - er liv - eth.



# GONE, THROUGH THE SHADOWY VALE.

Words composed in Memory of  
Mrs. H. E. H., ROME, N. Y. 127

Andante.

1. Gone, thro' the shadowy vale,—Gone, that dark riv-er o'er,— To us how sweet the e-choes  
2. Yes, through the rifted clouds, She saw the heav'nly hill; And, as she pass'd, the swelling  
3. Fare-well, dear sainted one! All now is well with thee. From this cold pri-son-house of

come, Back from the far-ther shore. Hark! is it not her glad re-frain, "Je-sus is mine, and  
flood Was nar-row'd to a rill. For Ja-cob's star shone on the way, And yon-der was the  
clay, Thy spir-it is set free. But still we hear thy rapt re-frain, "Je-sus is mine, and

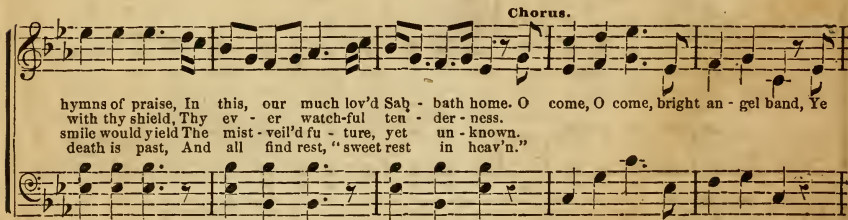
*Refrain.*—No, sufferer, no! No, sufferer, no! In that bright world to

no more pain!" Hark! is it not her glad re-frain, "Je-sus is mine, and no more pain!"  
com-ing day! For Ja-cob's star shone on the way, And yon-der was the com-ing day.  
no more pain!" But still we hear thy rapt re-frain, "Je-sus is mine, and no more pain!"  
which you go, No woe, no pain, the blest may bear; For there can be no sor-row there!

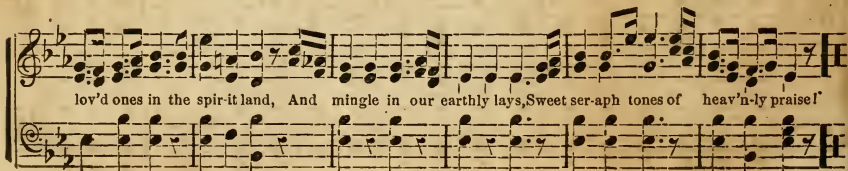


1. With - in thy ho - ly tem - ple, Lord, Be - hold, our long - ing foot - steps come, To of - fer thee glad  
 2. Bless all who love us here to - day, As all our lov - ing hearts would bless, And guard the ab - sent  
 3. The blessings of the pass - ing year, Our grate - ful hearts to thee would own, And pray thee that thy  
 4. Lead us, dear Sa - viour, as we tread, The nar - row path thy love has giv'n; Then may we meet, when

**Chorus.**



hymns of praise, In this, our much lov'd Sab - bath home. O come, O come, bright an - gel band, Ye  
 with thy shield, Thy ev - er watch - ful ten - der - ness.  
 smile would yield The mist - veil'd fu - ture, yet un - known.  
 death is past, And all find rest, "sweet rest in heav'n."



lov'd ones in the spir - it land, And mingle in our earthly lays, Sweet ser - aph tones of heav'n - ly praise!







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